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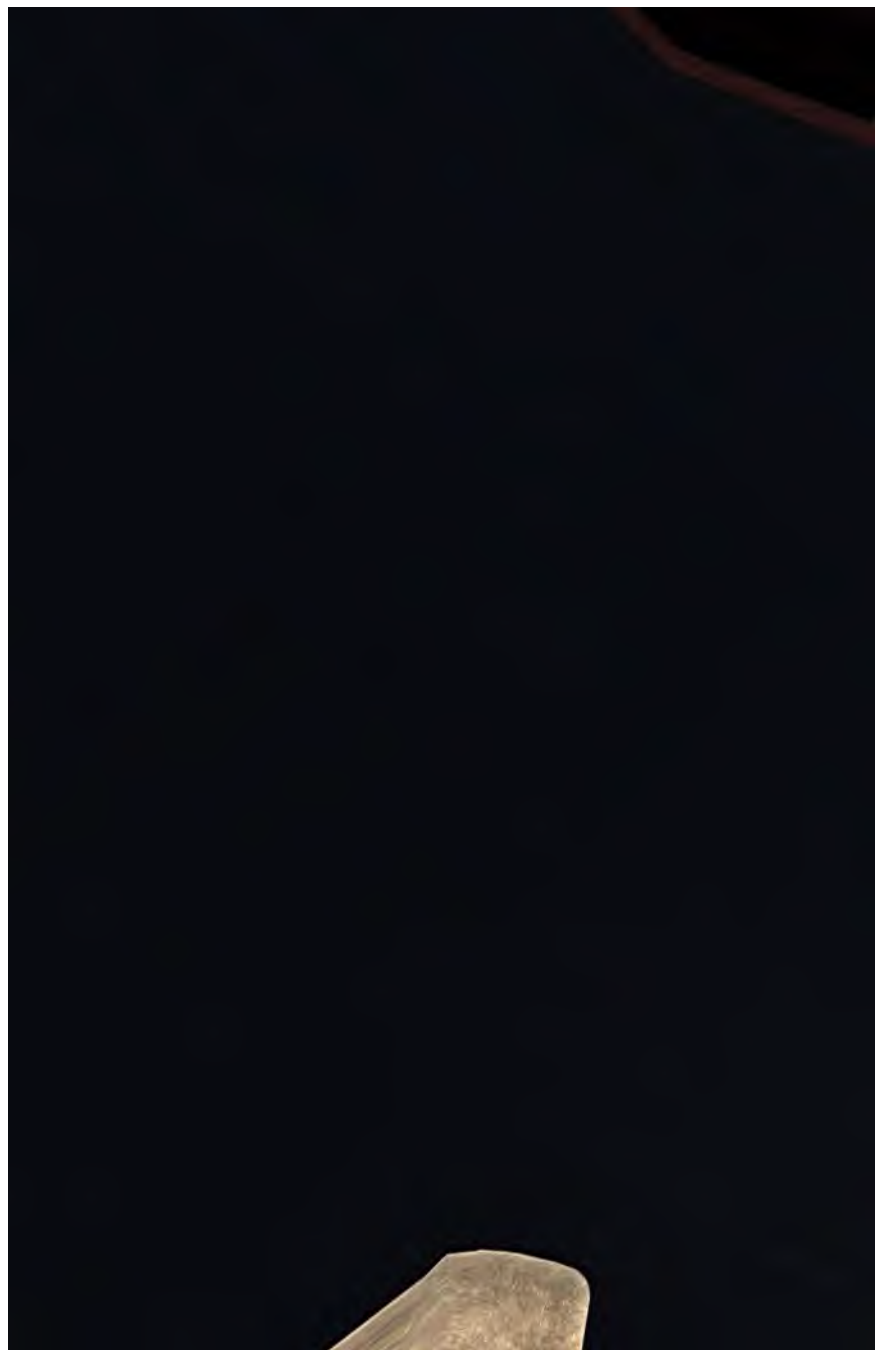
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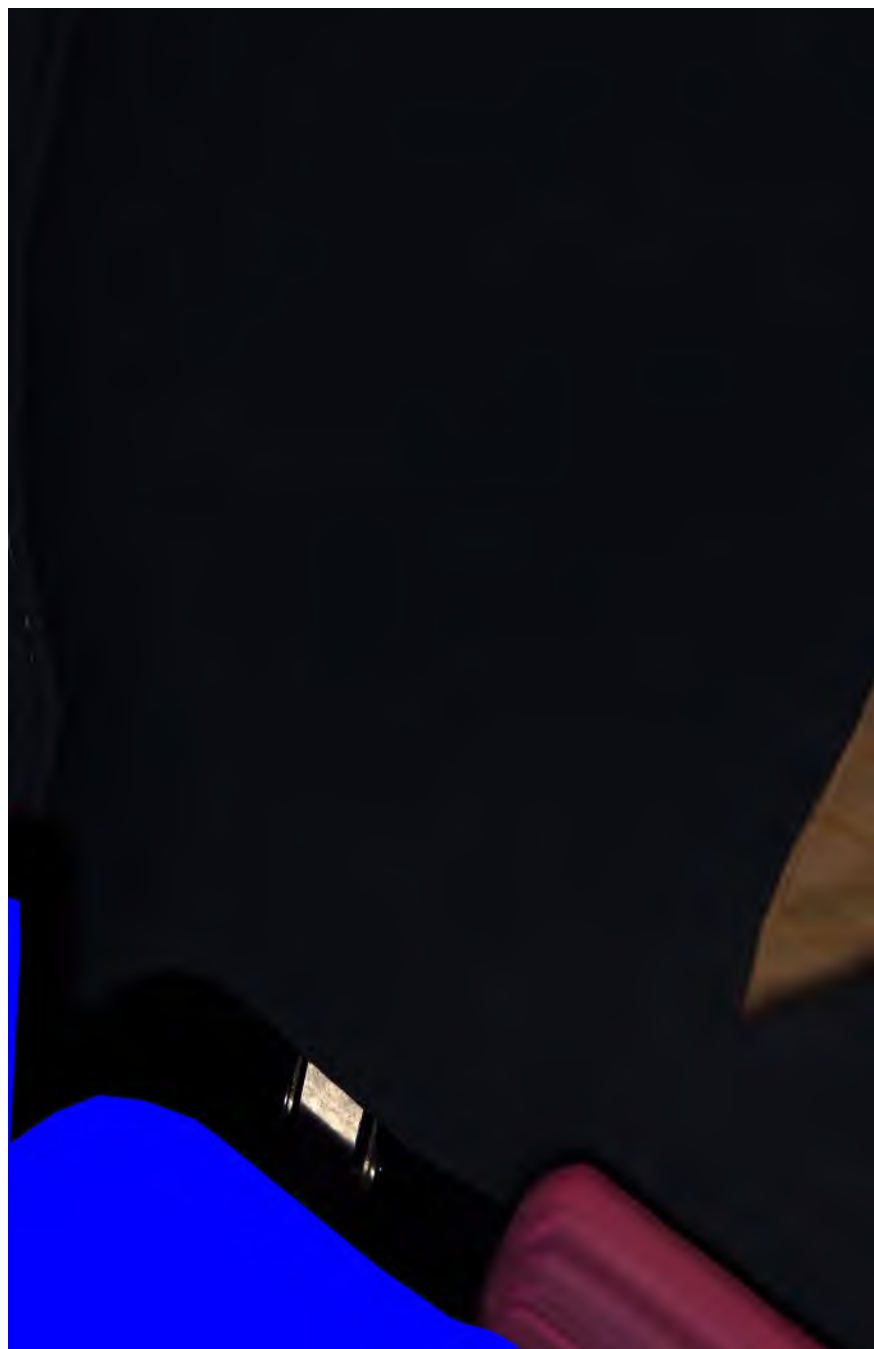
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The
HAVEN OF REST

AND THE
VOYAGE to it.





THE HAVEN OF REST,

AND

THE VOYAGE TO IT:

AN ALLEGORICAL NARRATIVE.

"SO HE BRINGETH THEM TO THEIR DESIRED HAVEN."

"Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way:
Wait thou His time—thy darkest night
Shall end in brightest day."

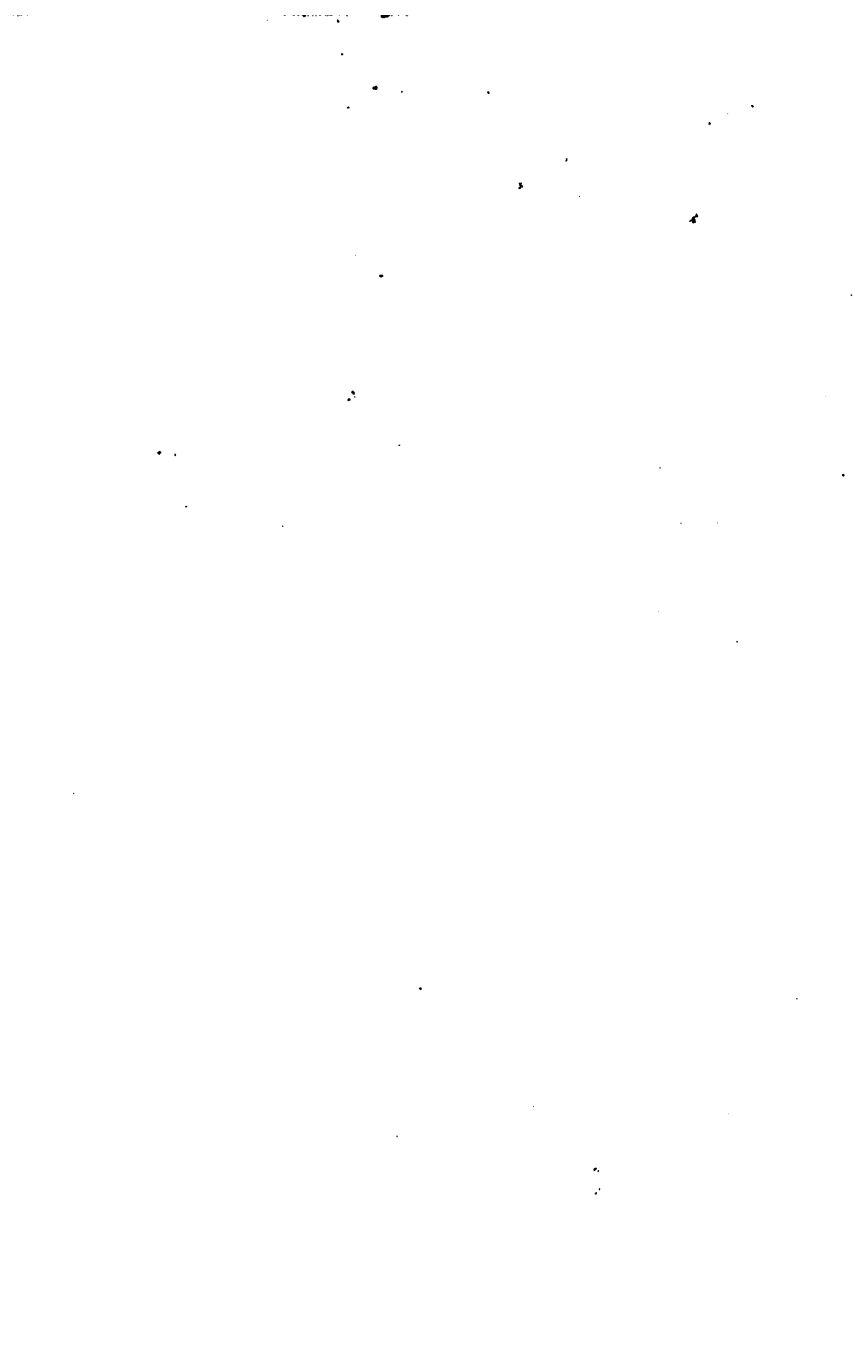
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THE HAVEN OF REST

AND

THE VOYAGE TO IT.

CHAPTER I.

VEILOVER VISITED.

AS I was, one evening, sitting in quiet meditation in the town of Veilover, I thought I heard the sound of trumpets; and, it seemed to me, that the music was strange, as if produced by men of a different order from the musicians of our town.

My curiosity being excited, I immediately set out in the direction from whence the sound of the music came. I found that what had aroused me, had also aroused many others, and was soon in the midst of a throng of men and women, who were hastening in the same direction. Shortly we heard the clear, sweet sounds again; and, when we reached the market-place, we saw seven men, with silver trumpets in their hands. Once more they blew them, and then they began to address us. In cheerful, kindly tones they told us that they had sounded their trumpets to call us together, as they had tidings, good and true, to communicate; and an invitation

from their Lord and Master, the King of grace and glory, to all present, and indeed to all the inhabitants of Veilover.

By this time the crowd that had gathered was very great. The King's messengers asked us if we were willing to hear them, and many said "Aye, aye." So, as it was not convenient to address us in the open air, we went into Concourse Hall. There they sat before us, with open honest countenances, and each seemed to have a gleam of sunshine on his face, but different in kind from that of the orb of day.

When all were seated, the most venerable of the seven, yielding to the desire of his companions, was the first to address us. He rose, and said :—

"Beloved fellow men, give ear to my voice, and hearken to my speech, for I have a matter great and weighty to set before you, and news to tell, that is news indeed, and worth the hearing, as my brethren on my right hand and on my left well know. Not to keep you in suspense, nor to weary you with many words, let me tell you that He, in whom are hid all the treasures of knowledge, and who cannot lie, has revealed to us, that *there is a better land than this*. I do not mean a better spot than your particular town and neighbourhood, but a better land than can anywhere be found, beneath the sun that shines upon us by day, or the moon that gives us light by night.

"The country of which I and my brethren have to speak, is not earthly, but heavenly. It is but little we ourselves know of it, we have not seen it yet, but we have been told of it in letters, bearing the signature of

Him who is the sovereign, and owner of the country.

"We have it also to communicate, that this, our native land—this earth, that we naturally love and cleave to, is to be burnt up.

(Here, the people who had listened in silence before, became restless, and many burst out into derisive laughter. The speaker appeared to be by no means surprised, or discomposed ; he calmly proceeded)—

"We are a degenerate race, we have rebelled against our rightful sovereign, we have abused His gifts, we have trampled on His authority, we have broken His laws ; and, by our doings, deserve, not only to have our country burnt up, but to be ourselves banished from His presence, to 'the blackness of darkness for ever.' Yet are we here, not with tidings of judgment, but of mercy. It is in the heart of the Most High to make our rebellion an occasion for the grandest display of His goodness and grace.

"I will now, however, give place to one of my companions in the faith, and I ask for him a yet more attentive hearing than you have given me."

Whereupon, another of the seven ambassadors from the King of grace, rose, and thus spoke ; his face shone, and his voice was cheerful :—

"Fellow men, fellow countrymen, hear and we will tell you excellent things, yea good things that gladden our hearts, and that will rejoice yours, if you will but hear, and receive the truth that shall now be declared.

"The King of whom my brother hath spoken is Love ; His proper name is Love, for indeed *He is Love*.

And He hath loved us, even us : though we deserve the death that never dies, He is not willing that we should die. He has, in a deep and wonderful way, too wonderful for us fully to comprehend, satisfied the claims of His justice, and opened a channel through which some of His greatest gifts—even pardon and life, grace and glory, may freely flow.

“We have by our misdeeds forfeited Paradise, and every good that we might have enjoyed here, or hereafter ; and we have earned for ourselves an inheritance of shame and sorrow. But lo ! in His great mercy, He sets before us an inheritance of joy and glory. I would now tell you something about that inheritance, but my brother Brightman is better able to do so, to him therefore I give place, and, I doubt not, you will give him your earnest attention.”

Then Mr. Brightman rose, and indeed his look answered to his name, for his countenance was very bright, and his heart seemed full of gladness. He said :—

“The country that the King would have you dwell in is so good, that its goodness cannot be told, nor even be rightly conceived of. The language I may employ, in describing it, must be understood as symbolizing, and dimly shadowing it forth, rather than as conveying a just representation of it. With this remark premised, let me tell you, it is a land for beauty beyond all praise : its hills and valleys present every aspect of loveliness ; its woods and groves, its rippling streams, its winding rivers, and its waterfalls present ever changing variety. Its cities, towns, and villages are free from all impurity. No clouds of smoke obscure the light of heaven ; no fogs thicken,

and chill the air, no noxious vapours arise to injure the inhabitants.

“The Metropolis for glory has no place like it, for ancientness its records run back ages before Earthland existed. The foundations of the City are laid in all manner of precious stones. Its streets are of gold. It has twelve gates, each gate is of one pearl. It has a river running through it, clear as crystal, which carries life and gladness with it, in all its course. Its gardens, for beauty and fruit, are beyond compare. But the palace of the King! How can I speak of that? Its architect was the King himself, and his knowledge of beauty and glory is higher than the heavens. All I can say is, that his palace is a dwelling place worthy of Himself: His throne is in the midst thereof, and before its brightness the sun pales away, even as the moon fades, and the stars disappear, when the sun rises.

“As to the Inhabitants of the land, they are all pure and good, their countenances beam with intelligence and love. No two of them are alike, but they all bear a marked resemblance to Him, whose children they are, and they reflect His glory. I cannot tell you their number, for they are countless; nor particularly of their orders, but there are angels, and archangels, principalities and powers. Jealousy and envy are unknown among them: they all rejoice in each other's gifts, and delight to promote each other's joy.

“There are places being specially prepared in the celestial land for any of you who can be prevailed on to go thither. But I would now have my brother Full-love address you; that, if it may be, some of you may be

persuaded to go with us, and to enter upon the possession and enjoyment of that glorious land of which I have been speaking."

When Mr. Brightman had done speaking, the eyes of many, I thought, glistened, and the countenances of many were eager, as if they would hear more about the startling and good things that had been brought to their ears.

Then Mr. Full-love rose, and his countenance bespoke goodness; he looked as if he would have all before him, aye, and every earthman too, enjoy all the good that he enjoyed. He said:—

"Our object in sounding our silver trumpets, and calling you together, is, not to tickle your ears with a fanciful or pleasant tale for an hour, but to persuade you, by the good speed of our King, to go with us; for we desire your well being; yea, we desire, with all our hearts, that you might share with us in the possession of that good land of which you have been hearing. Give me your attention while I tell you the terms on which you may enjoy it.

"It has indeed been already intimated in your hearing; yet I would tell you with more distinctness, that the best country is the cheapest: the most precious possession is the lowest in price. It would be cheap could you buy it with bagfulls of gold, and handfulls of diamonds, yea all things below the skies fall immeasurably below its worth. But this place, so good, so priceless, is to be had for nothing, yea, I repeat, in the words of Him who hath sent us to you, it is to be obtained 'without money, and without price.'

"I see that most of you are incredulous—you cannot understand this: and I do not wonder at it, it is so unlike all transactions among men; nevertheless, it is as I say; the celestial land is not to be *purchased* but *accepted*; it is not to be *bought*, but to be *received as a gift*!

"Here is good news for any of you that are penniless, and here is humbling news for any of you who are rich, or fancy that you are rich; indeed you are all so poor, in anything that passes current with our King, that you have not a grain of it in possession, and, it is only as poor and needy ones, that you can accept the title to the heavenly inheritance. If I can but convince you of your poverty, I shall be happy indeed, for nothing will more effectually hinder you from going with us to the possession of the kingdom, than a vain imagination that you are 'rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing.' But I will now give place to Mr. Plainman, who may help you more clearly to see how it really stands with you."

Then Mr. Plainman rose, and said:—"I am a man of plain words, yet if I can but help to make dark things light, and difficult things easy, I shall be content to address you. My brother who has just sat down, has been seeking to convince you how poor you are, and that on that account the heavenly country just suits you, because it is a free gift. I want you to see how bemired you are, and how ragged and filthy your garments are, and that you must be thoroughly washed, and also clothed anew, before you can enter upon, and enjoy, the good land to which we, through the favour of our King, are going. If we are cleaner than you, or better clad than you,

it is through the grace of our King; for we were no cleaner by nature than you, and our clothes were as filthy and ragged as yours. Let me tell you how the change for the better was brought about. Some time ago when we were dwelling together in the town of Native-darkness, our King, in his great goodness, sent us a present, marvellous for its worth. What was it? you will ask. It was a mirror, and he bade us look into it that we may see ourselves; and while we were looking into the mirror, a light shone upon it, so that we could see truly, and truly *we did see*:—we saw that, instead of being clean, as we before thought ourselves, we were very unclean; and, we saw that our garments were full of holes and foul spots, indeed we saw that they were so bad, that they could only be called ‘filthy rags.’ Then did our high thoughts come down, and our proud looks were humbled, and I cried, ‘Behold I am vile,’ and one of my brothers cried, ‘I am a man of unclean lips,’ and like the Jewish leper, we all cried, ‘Unclean, unclean.’ At first I thought that there was no hope or help for me, and I have heard one and another of my brethren say that they were as distressed and anxious as I was. But my dear brother Wingood, who addressed a few words to you just now, observed that attached to the mirror was a letter from the King, in which he told us of a *fountain* of unfailing virtue, opened on purpose for the unclean, and directing us to wash therein, and not to doubt our welcome. And the same letter (oh! matchless grace, mercy upon mercy) told us of a robe of purity and glory, that the King’s own Son had wrought for us; and that, casting away our rags, we were to take it, and

wear it, and that He could then look upon us with pleasure and acceptance. We were slow to understand, and to believe the good tidings of this letter of love. Time will not allow me to relate particulars: but first one of us, and then another, repaired to the fountain, and bathed therein; to our exceeding joy we proved its cleansing power,—we washed, and we were every whit clean.

“We then went to the King’s wardrobe, and there we saw, each for himself, the beauteous robe of which we had read. There was a robe for each, a robe for all, a robe for thousands of thousands, and yet, strange to say, the robe was one—the selfsame robe for all! One of the King’s servants, who was at hand, encouraged each of us to put it on, and he told us that it took the King’s Son more than thirty years in weaving: that it was without spot or blemish, or any such thing; that it was as white as innocence itself, and as bright as if Deity had made it: he added that one, who himself delighted to wear it, had said, that it was ‘as broad as the law, as pure as the light, and brighter than an angel ever wore!’* ”

“But it is time that I gave place to Mr. Trueman; he will tell you something about the arrangements made to enable us to reach the land.”

Then Mr. Trueman rose, and put it to the audience whether they would now withdraw, and ponder what had been said, or whether he should, at once, give them a brief account of the arrangements made for them to reach the good land.

A few of the people made as if they would go, but

* John Berridge.

most of them were for hearing immediately, and some held fast to their seats, as if, so far from being weary, their appetite for hearing had increased.

"It is plain," said Mr. Trueman, "that you wish me to proceed at once." "We do, we do," they answered.

"Then you must know," said Mr. Trueman, "that the voyage of life must be made before any can enter upon the possession of the celestial country, but you can have the title deeds to it, as soon as you are heartily willing to join the fleet that is provided to take you there, and to accept the glorious inheritance as a free gift.

"The name of the fleet is the Ark-for-us, which is, being interpreted, the Christ-for-us, or the Saviour-for-us. The fleet comprehends several ships, namely the Safety, the Sure-bottom, the Christ-all, the Dove, and the Holy-Love. All the vessels of the Ark-for-us are equally good and safe, they are all part and parcel of the one fleet, and voyagers on any one vessel are open to enjoy all the advantages and privileges of the entire fleet. Every voyager is regarded as belonging to the fleet, rather than as belonging to any particular vessel.

"All the vessels of the Ark-for-us are built of the same materials, the Gopher wood, of the ancient Ark, being the type of it: they all carry the same kind of anchor, the same sort of compass, the same chart book, the same colours. The fleet is one. And, I repeat, any one entering either vessel, enters the Ark-for-us,—the Christ-for-us.

"There are not several ways of reaching the celestial land; the one, and only, way is to sail in the Ark-for-us.

All who enter the fleet, and continue therein, will be taken in safety to the better land.

“As to the length of the voyage; to some it will be longer, and to some shorter, it will be for the duration of life.

“Every provision will be made for the health and comfort of the voyagers. The vessels will be well provided with bread, milk, meat, fruit, and cordials. An able Physician will accompany each vessel, and all needful medicine will be found on board. There will also be servants to serve, and nurses for the sick.

“It is right that you should know that the voyage is not unattended with danger; the dangers are indeed so great, that none but true voyagers will reach the Haven of Rest. There are quicksands, and rocks—rocks above water, and rocks under water. There are islands also that are dangerous to visit, because of their unhealthy climate, or because of their inhabitants. Besides, there is the fleet of a malicious enemy afloat in the seas, and he, and his agents, are ever prowling about, and are on the watch to beguile unwary voyagers, and to entice them to leave the true fleet.

“Each voyager will be enjoined to take arms for his defence, and all, in the course of the voyage will have their faith and courage put to the test. No true one, however, need fear that he will not come in safety to the Haven of Rest, and enter the promised land. A true voyager is one who is washed in the King's fountain, clothed from the King's wardrobe, armed from the King's armoury, and who holds fast to the fleet Arkforus. But, as I have said, every voyager will be put to the test; for

some will attach themselves to the fleet, who have no real heart for the heavenly country, but who are only taken with some things that appear inviting in the description of it, or else are influenced by the fear of something evil, if they do not enter upon the voyage.

"I have given you but a few particulars, much more remains to be told. In private, each of us will be happy to answer any inquiries, and to enter into details. Night is advancing, but my brother Ernest wishes to say a few words, and to him, I pray you, to give particular heed.

Then Ernest rose and said :—"My deep concern is that you indeed become true voyagers to the heavenly land, for you must reach it, or perish. If you abide where you are, you will be undone. Your country is doomed; and you, if you stay, are doomed. You must be up, and away with us, or remain and die the death, even "the second death."

Then, too, it will avail you nothing if you are not *true* voyagers, if you merely take ship from excitement, and your names be not written by the Prince of the fleet in his book. Be warned then in time, look well to it. The fleet is in the next port, and the books are open for the registration of those that are voyagers indeed. You have heard of the glorious land; you have also heard of the terms of possession—that it is to be accepted as a free gift; you have heard that you must be washed, and clothed, and armed; and all this the King of Grace has provided for: all the fitness he requires is that you should feel your need. The fleet will shortly sail. 'Now is the accepted time;' if you delay, the fleet may be gone.

"What can I say more to persuade you? There is

room for you all on board, and a hearty welcome awaits you. We, by the grace of the King, though unworthy, will sail with you, we shall be your companions in joy and sorrow, in feasts of love, and in conflict with the enemy. Come then with us, we are going 'unto the place of which the Lord hath said, I will give it you,' Come, come with us. The Spirit says 'come,'—the Bride says 'come,' we that hear say 'come,' and, whosoever will, let him come.

"But now we turn with strong cries to Him that is effectual to persuade."

Then the seven fell on their knees, and lifted up "holy hands, without wrath or doubting."

And now, many in the great assembly were moved in their consciences, and in their hearts; and some were seen to weep, and some were heard to sob, and many cried, "Sirs, what must we do to be saved?"

Then the seven joined in singing a sweet song, about the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and I heard them sing:—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may we, as vile as he,
Wash all our sins away."

Then, after appointing a time and a place for meeting with any who might be desirous of personal conversation, they dismissed the assembly with words of grace and blessing.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOUSE OF COUNSEL.

UPON the breaking up of the assembly in Concourse Hall, some of the people walked home in silence, wrapped up in deep thought, feeling that a matter of great and solemn moment had been brought to their ears. Many made light of it. Not a few hastened to the ale-houses to which they were accustomed to resort, smoked and drank, and soon banished all serious thoughts from their minds.

But there were many wakeful eyes that night in Veilover. Among the more thoughtful hearers of the seven ambassadors, was one Mr. Goodheed: he returned from the assembly without accosting any one by the way, and entered his dwelling unobserved by any of his family. He went direct to his chamber, and after spending a little time quite alone, he called his wife and children together and said:—"My beloved ones, I have heard great and wonderful things to night, such as I never heard before. You know how the solemn trumpet music roused me, and how I hastened away to know the meaning of it. I found the trumpeters were seven men of our country; they told us that they had tidings true and good to communicate, and an invitation of love to present from the King of grace and glory; and they

asked all who had gathered (and truly there was a great crowd) whether they were willing to hear, and many shouted, 'Aye, aye.' So we went into Concourse Hall, and when silence was obtained, the men, one after another, addressed us. I cannot tell you half of what I heard, I wish you had all been there to hear, and that you had heard as I did; for, it seems to me, that I heard with the ears of my heart, yea, I believe, that while the men spake, another voice attended theirs, that spoke with power and authority to my conscience."

"But," said the wife, "tell us *something* that you heard, for we are impatient to know." "Yes," said the children, "do, father, tell us quickly what you have heard."

"Truly then," said Mr. Goodheed, "I have heard good news, if I did but hear aright. But I have also heard solemn tidings, such as made my ears to tingle, and my heart to quake. The men told us that it had been revealed to them as truth indeed, by Him who seeth the end from the beginning, that Veilover, aye, and all Earthland, is to be destroyed: yea that a day is coming when 'the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up.'"

"Oh! husband," exclaimed the wife, "what do you tell?" And the children looked amazed, as if the fear of that terrible day had come upon them.

"I see," said the husband, "you are ready to ask, 'Where is the good news here?' Ah! but I have heard of another land, a land of beauty and brightness, a land so good that its goodness cannot be told, no, nor even be rightly conceived of. A land where there is no sickness,

no pain, no death ! A land where evil can never enter, but where all good is found, and that for evermore ! As I have already said, each of the seven men addressed us. One of them described our state and condition in the town of Veilover, as rebellious subjects of the great King, and told us of the doom that awaits us, if we continue here. Another told us of the grace and compassion of the King, and that, in great love he had provided a way of escape. Another told us a little about the good land where the King would have us dwell. Another told us about the way to reach it: and another, with earnestness, yea with tenderness and tears, besought us not to tarry where we are, lest sudden destruction come upon us, but to be up and away with them to the celestial land. But, as I have said, I wish you had all been there to hear as I did."

"Husband," said the wife, "do you think that these trumpeters are indeed true men ? You know that there are many deceivers going about the country."

"The question you ask," said the husband, "is indeed an important one, for, alas ! it is too true that there are wily impostors moving about, and misleading people ; but, that the seven men are faithful and true, I cannot doubt. Each of them had a volume of letters, bearing the seal and signature of Him whose servants they are : and then, too, they spake with such plainness and simplicity, with such heart and earnestness, as false men cannot reach. I observed, too, that they appeared to have a light shining on their countenances different in kind from the light of the sun, that we see every day."

"Father," said little William and Mary, almost in

the same breath, "did the good men say that *children* might go to the happy land?"

F. "They did not, my dear ones, mention children in particular, but I feel sure that they are included in the invitation; yea, I know that they would be welcome, from what I heard of the goodness and grace of the King."

"Is the country far off, and would it take us long to get there?" asked William.

F. "All true voyagers will reach the good land in that time which seems best to the King. Some reach it in a very little while, others are several years on their voyage."

"You have spoken of *true* voyagers," said the wife. "How may they be known?"

F. "True voyagers," replied her husband, "are they who really believe the tidings of love, prize the good land, and are willing to reach it in the way appointed."

"Tell us, father, what is the way."

F. "The way—the *only* way to reach the heavenly country is to sail in the fleet Ark-for-us, which is, being interpreted, the Christ-for-us, or the Saviour-for-us. The Ark-for-us is a wonderful fleet, the materials composing it are of two natures, earthly and heavenly, both of which are perfect, and their value is unspeakably great."

"I fear," said the wife, "that we are too poor to bear the cost of sailing in such a fleet."

"Oh no!" said the husband, "all the cost of the fleet is borne by the King: nothing is charged for entering the Ark-for-us. The fleet is the gift of the King, and the whole expense of the voyage is borne by Him. The good land is given, the fleet is given, and

the disposition to enter it is given! It is all of gift, it is all of grace!"

"Surely, husband, you do bring wonderful things to our hearing, and I, for my part, find it hard to understand and to believe it all."

"I can easily imagine that, wife, for it is much the same with myself; the news seems too good to be true, yet it is true, I doubt not; that is, I do believe there is that good land of which we have heard, and, I do believe there is a way to it, but, as yet, I do not clearly see that the way is for *me*."

Thus they sat, and talked till the time for rest had come. It was however but little sleep that any of them had that night, for their minds were now awake to great things indeed.

And what has been related of Mr. Goodheed and his family might, in substance, be told of many a family in Veil-over, for the utterances of the seven men had been accompanied with a demonstration and a power higher than their own.

When the morning came, many were making their way to the HOUSE OF COUNSEL, the place appointed by the ambassadors for seeing any persons who might desire to converse with them. There, in separate rooms, they answered the inquiries of individuals, or spoke to two or three friends at a time, who preferred to go thus together.

The first person who entered Mr. Full-love's room was one Mr. Wakeful, who thus commenced discourse. "Oh! Sir, I have had a night indeed, it has been dark without, and dark within; I have longed for the morning that I

might see and converse with you, for I now long for that light which is better than the light of day. I now see that the town in which I have been living all my days is rightly called Veil-over, for surely we have been living under a veil; we are a people whose understanding is darkened, whose eyes are blinded; we have called darkness light, and light darkness. Oh! Sir, can you tell me how the veil can be removed from my eyes, how the darkness of my soul can be scattered?"

Mr. Full-love looked on him with the tenderness of pity, and the cheerfulness of hope, and said: "I am glad to see you thus early, Mr. Wakeful; and I am more glad to know that you have discovered your darkness, for that convinces me that a little of the true light has already found an entrance into your mind. All outward light is from the sun, and all inward light is from One who is worthily called 'the Light of the World.' Ask Him for light, and He assuredly will give it you. He hath said: 'He that *followeth* me' (that is, he that sits at my feet as a willing learner) 'shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.' I trust, Mr. Wakeful, that ere long you will know, by happy experience, what it is to be a child of light—a child of the day. Sit at the feet of the great Teacher, enter the Ark-for-us, and sail with us over the sea of life, and then, assuredly, you will have a place in the bright land of promise, where there is no darkness at all, for 'there is no night there.'"

After Mr. Wakeful left, Mr. Full-love saw, and conversed with several others.

Mr. Brightman was first visited by Mr. Goodheed, his

wife, and children. When they had told their names, and were comfortably seated, Mr. Brightman said: "I am happy to see you, and all your family here, Mr. Goodheed; this is as it should be—The King, in ancient times, said to a favoured family, 'Come thou, *and all thy house*, into the ark', and I indeed believe that it is the King's good pleasure that whole families should come into the fleet Ark-for-us."

Then Mr. Goodheed looked upon his children, and smiling said, "You hear, my dear ones, that there is a welcome for you. But, oh! Sir," said he, looking earnestly at Mr. Brightman, "I have been doubting whether there is a welcome for myself, for I now see how rebellious I have been towards Him, whose servants you are, and whose servant I should have been; and I question whether He has favour for one so undeserving as I am. Sir, do you think it possible that I may become a true voyager?"

To which Mr. Brightman replied, "Our King's gifts are 'for *men*, even for the rebellious also.' Mortals love those that love them, the Immortal loves those who do not love Him. Mortals love their *friends*, the Immortal loves His *foes*! Aye, and He has shewn His love in a way wonderful indeed. Some hint of it was given at the public assembly at Concourse Hall, but let me more clearly unfold the mystery of it.

"The King has one only Son, the beloved of His bosom, and He gave Him to endure the penalty of our misdeeds. We have, by our rebellion, deserved to die, and He gave His Son to die in our stead! True He lives again, but He died for us, even the death of the cross! 'He was

wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities.' Now there is free and full pardon, for any who are willing to accept it, through the sufferings and death of the King's Son. The penalty of our transgressions is paid, justice is satisfied, the truth and righteousness of the King are maintained, while his richest grace is displayed. There is redemption for you, Mr. Goodheed, even the forgiveness of sins; be not faithless, but believing. You are as welcome as any; be then encouraged to repair at once to the King's fountain, and to the King's wardrobe. You can never make yourself worthy of His favour: 'if you tarry till you're better, you will never come at all.'

"And, what I say to you, I say to your wife, and also to your beloved children; for I see that they too are anxious to escape from Veil-over, and to reach the Celestial land. Ah! dear youthful ones, happy will you be if you enter the Ark-for-us while you are tender in years: you will be shielded from innumerable dangers, and you will be peculiarly blessed in the enjoyment of the love of the King, and His precious Son. In a letter written long ago, He compares Himself to a shepherd, and says that He gathers the lambs with His arm, and carries them in His bosom. Come then, dear children, and prove the love of the Good Shepherd,—

'See the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands
With all engaging charms;
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.'"

Mr. Goodheed and his family looked, rather than uttered, their thankfulness, for the kind and encouraging words that had been spoken to them.

"Farewell," said Mr. Brightman, "I trust that I shall see you, and all your family among the true voyagers; Come, all of you, clean away from Veil-over, leave not one behind!"

After they had left, Mr. Brightman conversed with others, who were waiting to see him.

It was in the dinner hour, and in the evening, that Mr. Plainman was mostly visited, for his enquirers were chiefly of the working-people of the town.

"Sir," said they, "is it possible for us to pursue our callings, and yet to become voyagers to the heavenly land?"

"Most assuredly it is," replied Mr. Plainman, "for one of the rules of the King for the regulation of voyagers over the ocean of life towards the heavenly land is:—'If any man do not work, neither shall he eat.' Idleness is abhorrent to our Master, even as it is hurtful to ourselves. You will indeed no longer work in Veil-over, or in any other town where the blindness of natural depravity prevails. You must away from this region of darkness, and the shadow of death, and live and work where you can breathe a new air, and enjoy true light; some distance on the voyage is a large Island, called ON-WAY, and there is an important town there called Work-for-Him: there you may pursue your callings to your hearts' content. All kinds of lawful trades are carried on there. In the town of Work-for-Him, if you are masons, you may build for Him; if you are smiths you may beat iron for Him, if you are carpenters you may handle the hammer and saw for Him, if you are farmers you may till the soil for Him. Yea, I have heard it said, though I cannot

vouch for the truth of it, that the King's own Son, (as if in business to furnish us an example), Himself worked at a carpenter's bench. But while you work for the bread that perisheth, you must beware of working to obtain possession of the promised land: for that is not to be obtained by working, but by *accepting*. It is 'not of works, lest any man should boast.' It is not to be obtained by *hand* works, or *head* works. The King is determined to bestow it as a free gift, upon all who are willing to receive it as such. You have been working, all of you, some for a longer and some for a shorter time in Veil-over, and the wages you have earned is death, (oh! be thankful that you have not received your deserts) but the *gift* of the King is *eternal life*! May He graciously incline all your hearts to accept it, and then you may work as much as you will—work with your hands, work with your heads, work with your hearts, work 'with both hands, earnestly'—*work for Him*—

'Too much you cannot bear or do
For such a gracious Friend.'"

Mr. Ernest, more than once or twice in the course of the day, might have been seen walking about outside the House of Counsel, and addressing any who appeared desirous of entering, but who were too timid to do so, and not a few he thus helped and encouraged.

The sittings of the servants of the King were continued for a few days, in the course of which much knowledge was communicated, many obscurities were cleared away, and many persons were confirmed in their desire to leave Veil-over, and to enter the Ark-for-us fleet.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST VISIT TO THE FLEET.

AS the ambassadors of the King had stated, the Fleet was lying at anchor at the next sea-port, at a short distance from Veil-over; and several who were earnest in their desire to reach the promised land, travelled thither. A few others also, from mere curiosity, went to get some clearer notion of what they had heard so much about.

Those who in heart were voyagers, got to the sea-port by break of day; they repaired at once to that part of the port where the fleet was lying at anchor, and looked, as with straining eyes, at that which was to carry them in safety to the Haven of Rest. At first, their view of the fleet was very dim, and the sight did not afford them much comfort; but they tarried, and still looked towards it, and presently the sun arose, and scattered the mist, and the beauty and glory of the fleet came into view. And now, nothing appeared to them so much to be desired as to be in it. Continuing to gaze, they saw more and more of its excellence, and now they found it hard to believe that the fleet was for them; but the longer they looked at it, the more earnest became their desire to be on board.

Among the most eager for entrance into the fleet, were

Peter Ardent, and James Trustwell, and, not seeing any boat at hand, they plunged into the water, and swam to one of the vessels, their faith and courage carrying them through all obstacles. Change of raiment was immediately provided ; they were clothed with 'the garments of salvation,' and covered with 'the robe of righteousness.' At first, they were too happy in the thought of having a place in the fleet to think of anything else, but, presently they began to look around them, and to examine the vessel they had just reached ; but soon they discovered that its excellencies were so many, and so great, that it would take a long time to get any suitable idea of them. Quickly their thoughts turned to their companions they had left on shore ; so taking their stand on the ships' bows, they beckoned to them, and shouted as loud as they could: "Come—come ! Here is room, here is safety, here is rest !"

Then I believe they sent a message to the King, by an instrument more speedy than the telegraph ; and soon an answer came : and lo ! two good boats were lowered from one of the vessels ; they were well manned, and in a little while they neared the shore. The name of one of the boats was Aid, and the name of the other was Clear-the-way. So the men who brought the boats close to land, addressing the timid, doubting ones of Veil-over who were longing to be on board, said : "The King, in answer to the cry of your companions who have already reached the Ark-for-us, has sent these boats for the aid of any of you who have not strength to buffet with the waves that lie between the shore and the fleet, and you are welcome, heartily welcome, to come into them. So

many of them gladly availed themselves of Aid, and Clear-the-way, and they were aided indeed, for help from the King had been sent to them : they were carried in safety over the waves they so much dreaded, and were soon on ship-board.

The vessels of the fleet were all as one, but the name of the ship which they first entered was "the Safety." The Captain's name was Shew-good. He first led them to the apartments for rest, adjoining the saloon. "I have led you here first," he said, "for some of you, I know, have spent wakeful nights, and you have had no repose by day, and it is the good-will of Him who has prepared the fleet, that all true voyagers should enjoy sweet rest." Then they withdrew, with a thankfulness they knew not how to express, to their resting place, and enjoyed the earnest of that repose that the weary and troubled have in the Ark-for-us.

So after they were rested and refreshed, Captain Shew-good took them into the Harmonic Room, and as they entered they were greeted with a song sweetly and harmoniously sung. The following are the words :—

"Who can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born ?

"With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of His eternal love ;
The Son, with joy, looks down, and sees
The purchase of His agonies.

"The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul He formed anew ;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King."

"This sweet song," said Captain Shew-good, "may be regarded by you as a faint echo of the song of joy that is sung in the presence of the King, by his holy ones, on account of the change of heart you have experienced, and of your having entered the Ark-for-us. Then he shewed them various instruments of music—the lute, the harp, and the organ. "Our King," he said, "delights in holy joy, and here are instruments to assist the singing of the voyagers, while they lift up their voices with gladness, and make melody in their hearts." "Sing praises," says the King, by an ancient psalmist, "let the children of Zion be joyful in their King." And all true voyagers know that it is a good thing to give thanks, that it is pleasant, and that 'praise is comely.'

Then the Captain took them into the Conservatory (for there is a conservatory in each of the ships of the Ark-for-us, and abundance of room for that, and many other things besides, for the vessels are large, above all vessels that traverse ordinary seas). So, as I said, Captain Shew-good took them into the conservatory, and directly they entered, the perfume regaled them, and afforded them much delight. But oh! what a display of flowers was there: such flowers as are to be seen in no other garden. There was the true rose of Sharon, and the real lily of the valley, there was the genuine hearts'ease, there was the Amor-æternus or everlasting love, there was the "Plant of renown;" but the flowers were so many and so beautiful, that there was not time to examine them separately, as the Captain said "it would take a long time indeed to become acquainted with them all."

Then he took them into the Scenic Hall. And when

they were all comfortably seated, a large curtain was drawn up, and a beautiful scene was presented to view. It represented a vessel in mid-ocean: the figures were made to move, so they saw that the sailors were dropping their sounding lines into the deep. They brought first one line, and then another much longer, and then another longer still; but their longest line failed to reach the bottom; then, in quick time, they joined all their lines together, and cast the united lines over the ship's side: but they soon found that no bottom was reached, and then the sailors held up their hands with astonishment, and set up a shout, as if it delighted them to know that the ocean was bottomless.

"Can you guess," said Captain Shewgood, "what this scene represents?"

"Sir," said they all, "we will thank you to tell us."

Then said he: "This scene represents the love of the owner and donor of the good land to which we are going. You see that the ship is in mid-ocean—that no land is visible to the east, or to the west, to the north, or to the south—the ocean is *boundless*. And, you will easily have gathered, from what you will have seen the sailors doing with their sounding lines, that the ocean is bottomless, and now that you know that the beautiful ocean in the picture stands for the love of the King, you will not wonder that the sailors rejoice; you yourselves, I trust, are beginning to know something of their joy.

The next scene represented a man in a fearful pit, full of slime and miry clay, and toiling in vain to get out, the sides of the pit were so steep and slippery. And as they were looking, they saw him once and again fall down,

and he was well nigh smothered in the mire : but when things were at the worst, he looked up, as if he heard a voice from above, and then he cried, " Help—help, for I sink in deep mire where there is no standing." And immediately a strong rope was let down, close by where he was sinking in the mire. And now he plainly heard a kindly voice shouting, " Take hold of the rope—I will lift you up—I will save you : doubt not, I am able to do it, and I am willing to do it ; my name is Salvation, I am ' mighty to save,' yea I am ' able to save to the uttermost ! ' "

Then the poor man, as well as he was able, caught hold of the rope, but he had scarcely strength to do it, yea I believe he would have entirely failed to catch the rope, but for a power that came with the word—" Take hold, I will save you." So he grasped the rope, and was immediately drawn up.

The scene changed—and the same man was now seen standing on a grand old rock. But oh ! how altered in appearance he was ; we scarcely could believe it was the same. He was completely cleansed from the mire and clay of the horrible pit ; all signs of distress were gone from his countenance ; indeed he was comely and fair to look upon. The sun was shining upon him, the birds were singing around him, a clear blue sky was over his head, the solid rock was under his feet, a landscape of beauty gladdened his eyes, his heart danced within him ; so he burst out into a song—its music was sweet, its theme was salvation, and its strain thankfulness and praise.

" There are several other scenes of interest and instruction," said the Captain, " but you have seen enough for

the present for your profit. The gracious Sealer is in the private audience chamber, and He will see you each alone. This distinguished One acts with no delegated power or authority, but is one with the King in majesty and honour, and forms with the King's own Son the *one* supreme Ruler in the kingdoms of nature, providence, and grace. He will graciously receive you all, and if you are true men bound for the celestial land, He will give you assurance of the same. Not to all of you probably in the same degree, but He will give it you in that measure in which you are prepared to receive it.

“ This assurance is a matter of personal inward experience : you must not expect to hear an audible voice, but by the conveyance of something of His own nature into your hearts, He will inwardly seal you, and mark you as His own. I would forewarn you that while there is genuine assurance, there is also its counterfeit. True assurance may most readily be distinguished from that which is false by its accompaniments and fruits. True assurance humbles while it gladdens : it draws the heart to the King in love, devotion, and obedience. False assurance puffs up ; it generates carelessness in walking, and flippancy in conversation, and in time of trial and temptation its possessors fail and fall away. My heart's desire for you all is that you may prove true voyagers, then, I doubt not, that sooner or later you will receive comfortable assurance of the same, and that you will hold on, and hold out to the end ; and come with joy into the eternal possession of the land of light and glory.”

Then most of them, one by one, went into the gracious Sealer's room, but some of them did not care to go.

Then I observed that as some of them came from His presence, their faces shone, their eyes glistened with tears of joy, and their deportment was serious and humble. A few came out of His room with a light and frothy spirit, and declared in a forward manner that they were bound for the kingdom, and that they had the fullest confidence that the Sealer had put their names down in His book. The men with humble mien I observed often put their hands to their breasts as if to re-assure themselves that something they possessed was secure. I came afterwards to know that the gracious Sealer had given each of them an impression from His own seal, with the figure of a dove on it.

As the time for the fleet to sail had not fully come, those who had entered it returned for a little while to their kindred and friends, with an earnest desire that they might be persuaded to accompany them. But all whose names had been enrolled were henceforth reckoned as belonging to the Ark-for-us, though they might not be on ship-board. All who *in heart* are in the Ark are true voyagers, and in due season will arrive in safety at the Haven of Rest.

CHAPTER IV.

ZEALOUS VOYAGERS ILL-TREATED.

THE day was far spent when the voyagers got back to their dwellings. They told where they had been, how they had entered the fleet, and what they had seen on board the ship *Safety*. They told of the apartments for rest, the harmonic room, the conservatory, and the scenic hall. And some of them whose memories were good, related various particulars of the scenes, to wit that of the sailors dropping their sounding lines in mid-ocean, and that representing the recovery of the poor man from the horrible pit. Many listened to what was related with an air of idle curiosity, but some appeared to be greatly interested, as if they should like to see and experience the same themselves; especially *that rest* appeared desirable to them which some of the voyagers had spoken of finding in the place of repose—a rest which they described as being far above what they had experienced in any other resting place, even *heart-rest* from sore anxiety and trouble.

And now from day to day, one and another from the town of *Veil-over*, went out to view the fleet: sometimes two or three would go together, and sometimes as many

as a score would go. Some went merely from curiosity, and some, with an earnest desire to enter the fleet, and so the number of voyagers considerably increased.

The time was now drawing on for the sailing of the fleet, and those who had set their hearts upon the better land, felt a concern for their relations, their friends, and neighbours, lest they should continue satisfied to remain in Veil-over, and stay in it to their utter confusion.

Peter Ardent, Joseph Workwell, Jane Seekgood, Mary Ponderwell, and a few more earnest-minded ones, met and resolved to visit from house to house, throughout the town, to warn the people of the coming destruction, and to persuade them to enter the Ark-for-us, and to go with them to the good land. The men, for the most part, visited and conversed with men; the females laboured chiefly among their own sex, and the children of the town. In pursuing their work of mercy, they met with a variety of treatment. By some they were laughed at as hare-brained fools, by others they were roughly handled. A company of the baser sort, with two or three leading men of the town at their head, seized Peter Ardent and Joseph Workwell, tarred and feathered them, and threatened to drown them in the horse-pond. Others of them were pelted with brickbats, and more or less molested in other ways. Under this treatment for righteousness' sake, they were sustained with inward joy, and continued to pursue, with increased earnestness, their work of love, warning and persuading all with whom they had an opportunity of conversing. Nor were their efforts unavailing; they had the delight of convincing many of the

truth of what they affirmed, and of persuading them to enter the fleet.

I cannot stay to relate all that took place in connexion with these movements in the town of Veil-over. Much false peace was broken up, and much enmity was evoked on account of the determination of members of various families to enter on the voyage to the better land. Fathers were enraged with their sons, and threatened to disinherit them; mothers frowned on their daughters, and dared them to think of leaving Veil-over; brothers persecuted brothers, and sisters jeered at their sisters. Those whose desire to leave the town of their nativity was superficial, and whose faith in the testimony concerning the celestial country was not sound, could not stand against the opposition they encountered; they speedily gave up all idea of entering the Ark-for-us. But those who were fully persuaded of the truth of the communications of the ambassadors of the King could not be induced, by promises of good, or by threats of evil, to give up their purpose to leave Veil-over, and sail to the land of glory. They were mild in their temper, but firm in purpose. "You may beat us," said they, "and buffet us, you may-teaze and torment us, but go we must, we dare not stay here. Veil-over is the region of darkness and death, we trust that the veil hath been removed from our eyes, and that we have become children of light. The invitations of the King have reached not our ears only, but our hearts also: we have not only heard of His love, but we *know* and *believe* it. He hath delivered us from destruction, and made us heirs of glory. We expect trouble on our way, yea through much tribulation some of us will enter

the kingdom ; but for the kingdom we are bound, and to the kingdom, by the help and grace of the King, we will go. Hinder us not, but rather come with us. There is abundance of room in the fleet for us all, and it distresses us to think what anguish you will bring upon yourselves if you refuse the King's mercy, and despise the pleasant land."

It was evening, and many were making preparations for the voyage, when the seven ambassadors again blew their silver trumpets, and how good, and how welcome was the sound to many now !

They hastened to Concourse Hall from all parts of the town, but the assembly was not nearly so large as when the seven first called the people together ; it was composed chiefly of intended voyagers, with some of their friends and neighbours, and a few of the towns-people who had dropped in from curiosity.

The ambassadors, as before, sat together on the platform, and now they looked upon their audience as upon a people they well knew and loved: and many looked up to them with a look of affection similar to that which children give to their parents.

Then Mr. Trustworthy, who was the first speaker at the former meeting, rose, and said :—

"I rise now specially to address my fellow-voyagers ; and this assembly is, I think, chiefly composed of such. But I cannot say another word before I express my thankfulness to Him, whose servants we are, that He has so greatly prospered us in our errand. For we doubt not that it is through His secret, but powerful influence, that

our communications have been effectual to persuade you to leave Veil-over, and to set your faces towards the heavenly country. Before, then, I proceed farther, I will ask all of you who partake of our feelings of gratitude to stand up, and unite with us in singing a song of praise to our King."

Most who were present, immediately rose, and joined in the song. And oh! how they sang—they sang and wept, and wept and sang; it was such singing as angels love to hear. And this is a part of their song:—

All praise—all praise to Thee our King we give,
All praise—all praise, for 'tis by Thee we live.
All praise—all praise for Thy rich, boundless love,
All praise—all praise to Thee in heights above.

All praise—all praise—our darkness now is past,
All praise—all praise, 'tis mercy first and last!
All praise—all praise, from bondage we are free.
All praise—all praise we render unto Thee.

The song being sung, Mr. Trustworthy said:—"Meet and good it is thus to give thanks; our praises fall far below our blessings, but let us praise as we can, until we shall praise as we would.

"And now we have to make it known to you that our voyage homeward must no longer be delayed. Time hastens, and we must go forward. The King's Son, though not visible to our natural sight, will be with us, yea He, in a mystery is the Ark-for-us, and will bear us on our way. To-morrow we set sail. Early in the morning you will hear the sound of our trumpets; that will be the signal for you to rise, to wash and dress yourselves. Put on the robe wrought by the King's Son;

put on also your clean white garments, and take heed that you soil them not by the way.

“As for the voyage, do not cumber yourselves with packages; the fewer of the manufactures of Veil-over you take with you the better. Everything needful for the voyage you will find in the Ark-for-us. Disburden yourselves therefore as much as possible, ‘lay aside every weight,’ and come to the fleet poor and needy, for it hath pleased the King that all fulness of good should be found in the Ark-for-us.

“When the trumpets sound the second time, then away to the fleet; bring as many with you as you can, for all are welcome to the Ark who feel their need. Let them come in their filthy rags, for change of raiment is provided for them, and they will find the fountain for uncleanness open there. You, however, that belong already to the fleet, by all means come in the best robe that has been given you, and fresh from the fountain that is near you everywhere. Come thus dressed, in honour of your King, and let your heads be anointed with fresh oil. Come with the look those ought to have who are going to the good land that is promised us. Let not your countenance be sad, for you are leaving nothing behind but what would injure you, and you are going forward to enjoy everything that is good. I will not add more, but I see that my brother Ernest’s heart is full, and I think that he has a word to say to any persons who yet linger.”

Then Ernest rose, and said :—“My brother has rightly guessed that I wished to say a few words to any of you who have not yet decided to go with us. Oh ! that to-

night we may persuade some of you to come! 'How long halt ye between two opinions?' Is it a light thing to be possessed of an 'inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away?' Is it a light thing to wear a crown of glory, and to wave a palm of victory? Is it a light thing to dwell where the inhabitants never say they are sick? Is it a light thing to be put into possession of joy that will grow with the increase of years, and to have pleasures for evermore? But if the good seems little in your eyes, think of the evil that must come upon you if you reject the good; think how awful it would be to abide in 'the blackness of darkness for ever,' and to dwell in a land where there is no hope—*no hope!* Nay, you must not die. Our King hath no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, and hath charged us to say, 'Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?' Why indeed? Why choose the evil, and reject the good? Why, for a few short moments of criminal delight, part with everlasting bliss? Surely some of you, by the help of the King will say, We will go with you. Even now, one and another surely will cry, 'Save me, and I shall be saved,' 'draw me, and I will run after Thee.' We are happy in the thought that many will to-night decide to leave Veil-over, and to go with us to the better land. We feel the presence of our King and Master with us, and we trust that in great grace He will make you willing in this day of his power. May it be so for his name's sake, Amen." Then Ernest gave out this song, and they sang it:—

"There is a happy land, far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand, bright, bright as day.
Oh! how they sweetly sing—worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let His praises ring, praise, praise for aye!

“Come to this happy land, come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand? why still delay?
O we shall happy be, when from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee, blest, blest for aye.”

Then Mr. Trustworthy said, “In the name of our King we bid you all, Good night. Rise to-morrow morning at the trumpet call, and meet us all at the fleet.”

Early in the morning, the trumpets were heard, and their sweet, clear, silvery notes seemed to say:—

Up—rise and away, rise and away,
Leave darkness behind, ye children of day!

Some of the true voyagers had risen before the trumpets sounded, and those who were not up before, made haste and delayed not to obey the call. They washed as they were bidden, they put on their clean white garments, they anointed their heads with fresh oil, and they put on their best robe; and truly they were beautiful to look upon, but their beauty was not their own, it was what the King had put upon them. The morning was lovely; the dew had fallen thickly in the night, and now that the sun shone, the fields and gardens seemed sparkling with gems. The birds were singing their morning songs, the air was clear and balmy, and all nature seemed in harmony with the new life on which the voyagers were entering.

After an interval of two hours, the trumpets sounded a second time; and now the voyagers bade their kindred and friends farewell. They wept as they parted from

them, and their last looks said plainly, "Oh! that you were coming with us, follow us quickly, lest we part for ever."

In the streets, and high roads to the bay, they soon mingled with their fellow voyagers; they exchanged kindly greetings, and found that as "iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." Their tears were soon dried up, their hearts were cheered by mutual converse, and so they walked together towards the fleet.

When they arrived at the place at which they were to embark, they found a concourse of people: there were many voyagers not only from Veil-over, but from other parts of the country. Some had come in boats sent from the Ark-for-us, some had come in carriages by land, and some had walked many miles on foot. It was clear that the people were from various ranks in life; some bore the marks of high culture, a few were persons of wealth; but, for the most part, the voyagers were of the middle class of society, and of a yet humbler condition. But though some were rich and some were poor; though they differed in rank and culture, and though their features varied much, as the features of men generally do, there was a peculiar expression, more observable in some than in others, yet common to them all, that served to mark them as persons of one parentage, and whose home was higher than earth.

Besides the voyagers, many other persons from places adjacent had gathered to see the ships sail; most of these had come with no other design than to jeer at the voyagers, but some merely from curiosity, and a few in an undecided

state of mind, being almost persuaded to enter the Ark, yet still cleaving to Veil-over.

Several hours elapsed before all intended voyagers were on board the fleet. At length the anchors were drawn up, and the sails were spread. The vessels sat upon the water in majesty as a king sits upon his throne. They formed a crescent of beauty, and arching high above them was the bow of ancient promise, and the two ends of it reached down to the water's edge, and embraced the whole fleet; as if to intimate that though there were several vessels, the Ark-for-us is only one, even as the bow itself is one, though composed of divers colours.

Just as the vessels were ready to move away, the voyagers, all standing up, began to sing with clear and melodious voices, and this was their song:—

“Jesus! at Thy command,
We launch into the deep,
And leave our native land
Where sin lulls all asleep;
For Thee we fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with Thee and thine.

“Thou art our Pilot, wise,
Our compass is Thy word,
Our soul each storm defies
While we have such a Lord:
We trust Thy faithfulness and power,
To save us in the trying hour.

“Come heavenly wind, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
Waft us from all below
To heaven our destined place.
Then in full sail, the port we'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.”

Then the Captain of the flag ship ordered two guns of each of the vessels to be fired. This was the signal of departure, so the ships moved on.

With great variety of feeling the spectators watched for some time the progress of the vessels, and then withdrew to their habitations.



CHAPTER V.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE VOYAGE.

AS the wind was favourable, and filled the sails, the progress of the fleet through the channel to the open sea was rapid, and the town of Veil-over was soon out of sight. This occasioned no regret to the true voyagers; they only lamented that they had lived there so long, and that they had left so many behind, who loved darkness rather than light. But some who were on board, as Veil-over was passing from view, looked with lingering eyes upon it, and when they could no longer see it, they were heard to sigh deeply, as if they had left their hearts behind; and soon it became manifest that not all who were on board truly belonged to the fleet.

Before I give any account of the voyage, it may be well to show how the ships were distinguished.

THE SAFETY, besides having its name conspicuously painted, had, at its bows, a beautifully carved figure of *a child in its Father's arms*. The colour of the vessel was oak; the name of the captain, as already intimated, was Shew-good.

The SURE-BOTTOM had at the figure end, the significant emblem of *a house built upon a rock*. The vessel was coloured blue and gold. The captain's name was See-clear.

The DOVE had as a device a finely executed figure of *a dove with an olive branch in its mouth*. The colour of the vessel was grey, relieved with burnished silver. The captain's name was Experience.

The CHRIST-ALL had at the figure end, in large, raised characters, *the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet*, and their names "Alpha" and "Omega" written under them. This ship was coloured red and white. The name of the captain was Dread-naught.

The HOLY-LOVE had as an emblem *a beautifully embossed golden ring*. The ring denoting the endlessness of the favour of the King. This vessel was painted purple, the imperial colour, and it was studded with golden stars. The captain's name was Cheering.

The names of all persons on board each of the ships were taken down by the Captain's clerk, and a particular place in the ship was assigned to each family or individual respectively.

At present it will be sufficient to say that among those who were on board the ship Safety, were Mr. Goodheed, his wife and children; Mr. Wakeful, Jane Seekgood, Mary Ponderwell, Peter Ardent, and Joseph Workwell. In this ship also were two of the ambassadors, namely Mr. Brightman, and Mr. Full-love. The registering of the names, and assigning to each voyager his place in the ship, occupied some hours.

They did not the first day assemble at meals in the great dining room, nor indeed every day afterwards, but families or individuals were supplied in their own apartments with abundance of wholesome provisions. A few appeared to have no appetite for the ship's fare, and

complained of the way in which it was served up; they were the same persons, I observed, that looked with lingering eyes on Veil-over, as it gradually receded from view. And, being also strangers to the weariness and heart-sorrow that the true voyagers had experienced, they had no desire for the resting-place which the King had provided. When most of the voyagers had retired to rest, and were enjoying repose, these dissatisfied ones were walking the deck of the ship, or leaning over the bulwarks.

Then I learnt that, under cover of the night, some of the emissaries of the great enemy of the King sent out some swift steam boats, and they came near enough to the fleet for the dissatisfied passengers to see them. The crew of the steam boats put up signal-lights, and betokened plainly that they were from Veil-over, and would receive any passengers for that place: and without waiting to be called, they put out boats with escape ladders, and came alongside of the ships, and shouted to the voyagers: "Come, lads, if you are not sea-sick, you are home-sick, and sick of the Ark already, come, lay hold of the ladder." (And with that they threw one end of a light rope ladder on board.) The ladder was seized, and made fast to the ship. "Now lads," said the men in the boat, "come down quickly, and we will soon have you on board the packet, and back to your old port, and your old friends." "Ay, that we will," replied the renegades, "with all our hearts." So they hastened down the ladder into the boat, and were quickly in the packet steaming for Veil-over.

So soon some turned back, and forsook the Ark! But

they were never truly in it—that is, their hearts were not in it: and those only can be reckoned as indeed in the Ark, who are in it heart and soul. Not all unsound voyagers however thus early abandoned the voyage to the celestial land.

In the morning it was soon discovered that some of the passengers were missing, and it occasioned much concern and anxiety. Upon enquiry it was found that among those who had abandoned the fleet were Mr. Shallow, Mr. Flimsy, Mr. Changling, and a few other likeminded persons; and I much regret to say there were some females also, and mention in particular was made of Miss Plausible, Miss Veneer, and Mary Lightmind.

Then I overheard some of the voyagers ejaculating, “Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.”

Soon after breakfast, an announcement was made that Mr. Full-love would be glad to meet his fellow voyagers in the Lecture Room at eleven o'clock. When that time arrived, the room was well filled, hardly any of the voyagers were absent. After a few words of prayer by Mr. Brightman, Mr. Full-love said:—“We have begun already to prove the truth of some of the communications made to us respecting the dangers of the voyage. We had hardly expected so soon to have such sad evidence of the malignity of the great enemy. Perhaps, however, it is well for us, thus early, to know how wily and vigilant he is, and that he spares no cost and no pains to entrap the unwary, and to draw the unwatchful to the region of darkness and death. What has already occurred surely should convince us all of the necessity of obedience to the admonition of the King's Son, ‘Watch and pray,

lest ye enter into temptation !' Be well occupied—our idle hours are the enemy's busy hours. Avoid frivolous discourse; be cheerful as the day, but avoid lightness. Think often of the end of the voyage, and of the glory that is to be revealed. Keep close in affection to Him who is THE WAY to that glory, even to Him who died to redeem us, and who lives to save us. Speak often in your hearts to the King, and trust in His power to keep you. Danger may be near when you little suspect it, but he who habitually commits himself to the keeping of Almighty Love is safe.

"It may be profitable for us now," continued Mr. Full-love, "to spend a few minutes in silent prayer, and may our King draw us near, and keep us near to Himself."

Then all remained in stillness and silence, but though no voice was heard, the hearts of many cried fervently for upholding and preserving grace.

After these solemn moments of silent prayer, they sang with subdued voices the following lines :—

"When any turn from Zion's way,
Alas! what numbers do,
Methinks I hear my Saviour say—
'Wilt Thou forsake me too?'

"Alas! with such a heart as mine,
Unless Thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

"What anguish has that question stirred
If I will also go:
Yet, Lord, relying on Thy word,
I humbly answer—NO."

When the hymn was sung, Mr. Full-love offered a brief prayer, in which the hearts of all appeared to unite with full accord. Then, after mutual greetings, they withdrew to their various apartments, subdued in spirit, yet refreshed and comforted.

The several vessels of the fleet kept within sight of each other; indeed they were not often more than half a league apart, so that boats frequently passed from one vessel to another: thus constant communication was kept up, and the passengers in one vessel were well informed of what had occurred in the others. It was found that the ship Holy-love had lost several more passengers than the ship Safety by the enemy's night steam boats. The atmosphere of the ship seemed much too pure for those who had long inhaled the heavy, murky air of Veil-over: they shewed signs of loathing, and discovered no disposition to converse on topics that engaged the best affections of the true voyagers.

Captain Experience, of the Dove, who had for some years accompanied voyagers from various parts of Earth-land, suspected that the enemy would be sending out decoy boats, and appointed watchmen to walk the deck of the vessel after sun-set, and instructed them to warn any who might appear specially to need it. A few passengers, notwithstanding the precautions of Captain Experience, sculked away in the boats sily brought alongside the Dove, and went back to Veil-over.

The other vessels also lost some of their passengers, but the true voyagers remained on board the fleet, for

they put no trust in their own hearts, and were effectually kept by the power of the King.

After dinner, Captain Shewgood, of the Safety, intimated his readiness, in the evening of the day, if the weather continued calm, to exhibit some additional scenes. This proposition was hailed with delight, especially by the younger portion of the voyagers. Those who had witnessed the former scenes wondered if any so instructive and interesting would be seen by them again.

At the time appointed, a goodly company assembled in the scenic hall. Captain Shewgood said:—"Dear fellow voyagers, the eye helps the ear, and both the eye and the ear help the head and the heart. I trust that the scenes I shall have the pleasure of shewing you to-night, if less interesting than those I exhibited to you on a former occasion, will not be less instructive, and helpful to you on your way to the everlasting rest."

The curtain was drawn up, and a scene representing an extensive, open country was presented to view: it was not destitute of beauty, but it did not appear to claim any special attention. Presently some wood pigeons were seen flying over the fields, and in a few seconds a large vulture was observed directing its flight with unerring certainty towards a hapless pigeon, but when it came within a few yards of its prey, the vulture was suddenly changed into a dove, and commenced a gentle cooing to the frightened pigeon.

The scene changed, and the abundance of palm and cocoa-nut trees, and the general appearance of the scenery shewed plainly that it represented some locality in a tropical clime. In the back ground, at some distance

was seen a group of travellers, and in the foreground a man and his wife, and two children (a little boy and girl), following in the track of the group in the distance. Suddenly, from a thicket near which they were passing, rushed out a furious lion, and it appeared to be just about to spring upon the children, when as in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the lion was changed into a lamb, and playfully sported before the children.

"This scene, and the former one," said the Captain, "illustrate one and the same thing, the transforming power of Divine grace: the vulture was changed into a dove, and the lion into a lamb. Spiritual changes, as real as these, are continually wrought under the dispensation of mercy; and sometimes these changes are outwardly almost as remarkable. Two pairs of ancient paintings, which I will now shew you, will illustrate this remark."

No. 1 of the first pair represented Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of Christ; and No. 2, the same man (Paul), in the midst of an assembly of believers pronouncing words of benediction—"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen."

No. 1 of the second pair of pictures represented a cell of the inner prison at Philippi, and the jailor, with brutal satisfaction on his countenance, making fast the feet of two servants of Christ in the stocks. No. 2 represented the jailor, quite altered in aspect, tenderly bathing the backs of the servants of Christ, which were inflamed and swollen from the many stripes that had been laid upon them.

"Some of us," said the Captain, "have experienced changes almost as remarkable, if not as sudden, as those represented in the paintings. Some of us would have to say, 'I was a drunkard, and I a sabbath breaker, and I a licentious man, and I a liar, and I a thief,' but we are washed, we are justified in the name of our Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God. By the grace of God we are what we are.

"Before the next scene is presented to view, let us sing a hymn in harmony with what has been engaging our thoughts." Then they sang:—

"Eternal Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of Thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father, and the Son.

"Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin,
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

"Lions, and beasts of savage name
Put on the nature of the lamb,
Whilst the wide world esteem it strange,
Gaze, and admire, yet hate the change."

The next scene represented a spacious Mansion, and the whole aspect of the building and its surroundings betokened the unlimited wealth and beneficence of Him whose seat it was. The gates at the porter's lodge were open, a plain way led up to the porch, over the door was written "Knock, and it shall be opened to you." And the knocker was placed so low that the youngest could reach it. A porter stood at the lodge door, close by the open gates, to encourage any who were in circumstances of need or difficulty, to approach this seat of

mercy and knock. To one and another he said, "If you are burdened you will be relieved of your load, if you are in perplexity you will be counselled, if you are hungry you will be fed, if you are in need of anything that can be supplied by the power and goodness of the Lord of this house, he will not send you empty away. One thing however I must add," said the porter, "that the door is so constructed that it conveys the sound from the knocker only when the hand of real want lifts it; and while the knock of earnest applicants is immediately *heard* within, the door is not always immediately *opened*. It seems good to the Lord of this house to keep applicants waiting, some a longer, and some a shorter time, to test their sincerity and earnestness."

Then we saw various persons approach the door and knock. The first we noticed was a young lad, who passed through the open gate to the porch, with a light-some air, and knocked, and while he was waiting he saw a butterfly sporting over the lawn, then he quickly left the door, and went in pursuit of the painted insect.

The next that approached the porch and knocked was a farmer-like man: he seemed to wear a somewhat anxious look, and he knocked once and again. But shortly after he had knocked the second time, he saw a drove of cattle passing along the road, and a cattle-dealer behind the drove. He then left the door, went after the dealer, and was not seen to return.

The next person who approached was a young man, who knocked with apparent earnestness in quick succession two or three times, but seeing a few light-hearted companions pass along the road in company with some

gaily dressed females, he left the door, and hurried after them.

The next applicant was a poor widow. She left two children with the porter, and in her sorrow and distress knocked at the door, and as she knocked she said, "Thou art the Helper of the fatherless, and hast said, 'Let thy widows trust in Me.'" The door was soon opened, and she went in, and as she entered, one of the servants said, "Our Master is a very present help in trouble."

After that, a man with an earnest, anxious look approached the gate. He left an upper garment at the lodge, and made for the door. As he was advancing, a person hurried after him, and tried to induce him to return, but the earnest man dismissed him, and advanced nearer to the door; then, before he reached it, a lad hastened towards him with a letter that seemed to demand immediate attention: he opened it, and dismissed the lad saying, "I have urgent business here which I must attend to first." When he reached the door, he knocked as if he meant to be heard, and after waiting in expectancy for some time, he knocked again. Then three messengers were sent to him in succession, but he hastily dismissed them all, and remained waiting at the door, and exclaimed:—

"What various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy seat."

A third time he knocked, and the door was speedily opened. Shortly afterwards we observed him coming away, and he looked like one who had lost a heavy burden; relief and composure were depicted on his countenance.

"I think," said Captain Shewgood, "that your own hearts' experience will best interpret this scene, yet perhaps a few words may not be undesirable, for the sake of the younger portion of the voyagers.

"The Mansion is the mercy-seat of the King of Grace, even of Him who is able to do for us 'exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think.' He is at all times accessible, and He hath said, 'Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.' As spiritual blessings are the most precious, He takes a special delight in communicating them, yet has He promised to withhold no good thing from them that walk uprightly, and He has said, 'In everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto Me, and my peace, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.'

"You observed that some of those who approached the door to knock, met with no interruption. Formal prayer the enemy of souls cares little to interfere with, but earnest prayer he always seeks to hinder,—

"Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees."

How often do believers find hindrances when about to approach the mercy-seat, and when answers to prayer are delayed, then the enemy is urgent in insinuating that it is of no use to pray. You noticed that the last applicant at the door was greatly interrupted, but he persevered; he felt his need to be pressing, so he knocked again and again, till the door was opened, and you saw that he came away with a lightened heart, and a cheerful countenance. 'This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved

him out of all his troubles.' 'O taste and see that the Lord is good : blessed is the man that trusteth in Him.'

'Prayer an answer will obtain,
Though the Lord awhile delay ;
None can seek His face in vain,
None be empty sent away.'

"At some other time," said the Captain, "I hope to have the pleasure of presenting other scenes to your view : too many at one time would confuse your thoughts. In your retirement, dwell upon the two subjects that have been illustrated this evening, namely—the *transforming power of Divine grace, and the Mercy-seat which is at all times accessible*. It will be pleasant and profitable to close our evening's engagement by singing a few verses on the subject of the last scene." Then they sang :—

"Prayer is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give ;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

"If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress ;
If cares distract, or fears dismay ;
If guilt deject ; if sin distress,
The remedy's before thee—pray.

"On Christ depend, thou canst not fail :
Make all thy wants and wishes known :
Fear not ; His merit must prevail ;
Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done."

CHAPTER VI.

A STORM AND SHIPWRECK.

ON the second night, about two hours after the voyagers had retired to rest, the wind changed, and blew somewhat roughly, and presently it increased in violence, so that the vessels of the fleet were greatly tossed.

The voyagers were awakened by the beating of the waves against the ship, and the over-turning of various articles of furniture, and some of them by sudden lurches of the vessel were thrown out of their resting place. Many of them were greatly agitated, and some feared that they should never see land, nor reach the desired haven. Others felt assured that though they were "shaken, they were not forsaken, and that though they were tossed, they could not be lost." They remembered whose fleet they were in, and the many assurances they had received that if they continued in it, they should be carried in safety to the promised land. Some of the voyagers never felt more peaceful or secure than they did in the very height of the tempest.

While the storm was yet raging, the minute-gun of distress was heard, and signal rockets were now and again observed. The darkness of the night was too

great for the ship in distress to be seen, but Captain Dread-naught of the Christ-all ordered the life-boat attached to his vessel to be lowered, and determined to go in the direction of the ship, as indicated by the rockets. When the boat was let down into the troubled waters, he was the first to descend into it; two veteran seamen, and two courageous voyagers, animated by his example and anxious to save life, speedily followed him. They were not long in reaching the ill-fated vessel, which they found had struck on a rock. Many of the passengers had already been swept away, only a few were left, and hope of rescue had well-nigh died out of their hearts. Who can tell the joy they felt, as Captain Dread-naught shouted to them—"A life-boat—a life-boat from the Ark-for-us!" A few moments, and the boat was alongside the shattered ship. "Now," said the Captain in a cheerful voice, "Let go your hold of everything, and drop into the boat; it is large enough for you all, and it is perfectly safe, it is part of the Ark-for-us. Your peril is extreme, and there is no other way of rescue—Come! tarry not for a moment, your vessel is sinking, and we cannot stay.—*Come, come,*" shouted the Captain, and all in the boat also cried, "Come." Then one after another of the wrecked passengers dropped into the life-boat, until all who were willing had entered it. The boat was then rowed quickly away, and before it had gone many lengths, the shattered ship went down—down under the deep, dark waters. The life-boat was not long in returning to the ship, and all were brought up out of it in safety. Most of the passengers of the Christ-all were on deck, they had watched with intense interest the

approach of the boat, and when all were on board in safety, they set up such a shout of joy, that they were heard by the voyagers in the other vessels of the fleet. It was found that the number of the rescued ones was twenty-one. The choicest cordials of the ship were freely administered to them, they were wrapped in blankets, and laid to rest. The storm gradually subsided; and when the Captain and those who went with him were sufficiently rested and refreshed, a meeting of praise was held. All the glory of the rescue was given to the King. Praise was rendered to Him for the Ark-for-us, and for all the means and appliances, appertaining to it, for the salvation of men. He was thanked for the courage with which Captain Dread-naught was inspired, and for the willing help of those who joined him in the boat. He was thanked for the success of the effort, for inclining the perishing to come into the life-boat, and that so many were saved. Their thankfulness was partly expressed in hymns of praise, and though they had instruments of music on board, none of them were used on this occasion, and the music was the sweeter to the King because it was so largely the music of the heart.

Pretty early in the morning, boats from the other vessels of the fleet came to the Christ-all to enquire the occasion of the shouts of joy that had been heard at break of day. The particulars of the rescue of the men from the wreck were related—the boats hastened back with the good tidings, and that day was one of much gladness to all the true voyagers of the fleet.

When the rescued ones were sufficiently rested, they bathed, and received with thankfulness a change of

raiment; they also partook, with a good appetite, of the best food and unadulterated milk. Then the voyagers gathered around them, and asked various questions which they answered with readiness and simplicity. And, at the request of the Captain, one of them, named William Humble, gave the following particulars.

"We were sailing," said he, "in a ship named the Shallow, and our design was to reach Onway Island. We, in common with many other inhabitants of Veil-over, had often been invited to sail in the Ark-for-us, but we had no heart to do so, yet we thought we should like to reach the good land we had heard so much about. So, hearing of the Shallow, we considered that it was a ship that just suited us, and about a hundred of us went on board. We were a thoughtless, light-minded company; we took with us many of the evil habits that prevailed in our native town, and our thoughts and feelings with regard to the celestial country were as shallow as the ship in which we sailed. We believed that we could reach it without going in the Ark-for-us, and that we should certainly be admitted there, though it is quite plain to us now that we had no title to it, and no meetness for it. Yesterday, before the storm came on, we thought we were getting forward bravely, and that we should soon reach Onway Island. How vain were our hopes—how utterly blind we were! When the storm began, our captain, Vain-hope, and his mate Delusive were like men bereft of their senses. The ship did not obey the helm, and even if she had obeyed they did not know how to steer: speedily it was evident that breakers were ahead, night settled over us, and soon the Shallow struck. Many of our

fellow passengers, in alarm, rushed from below, and the tempest in its fury swept them overboard, and they perished in the deep. Oh! the mercy that we shared not their fate. Our eyes were now opened, we saw our folly and guilt in following our own counsel, and in rejecting the counsel of truth and love given by the servants of the King; then we cried earnestly for help and salvation; we feared it was too late, *too late*; still we cried, 'Save, oh! save, or we perish!' And when the Shallow was nearly filled with water, and nothing appeared before us but death and destruction, we heard the shout of Captain Dread-naught, 'A life-boat, a life-boat from the Ark-for-us!' At first it seemed too good to be true, but the deliverance was real, and it soon became apparent that there was salvation for us—even for us, who so wickedly had refused to come to the Ark, and who so madly ventured in the Shallow, to cross the perilous ocean. The King, in his sovereign grace, appeared for us, and so here we are, monuments of His mercy! Men and brethren, help us to praise the King for 'the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness towards us:' surely He is 'able to save to the uttermost!'"

"We have already," said the captain, "been pouring out our hearts in thankfulness for your deliverance, but we will gladly join you in another song of praise." So they sang—

"Glorious, glory everlasting,
Be to Him who bore the cross!
Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
Death—the death deserved by us;
Spread His glory,
Who redeem'd His people thus!

"Sovereign grace, o'er sin abounding,
Ransomed souls the tidings swell,
'Tis a deep that knows no sounding,
Who its length and breadth can tell?
On its glories,
May our souls for ever dwell.

"Jesus' love is love unbounded,
Without measure, without end,
Human thought is here confounded,
'Tis too vast to comprehend!
Praise the Saviour!
Magnify the sinner's Friend!"



CHAPTER VII.

INSTRUCTION CLASSES.

AS there were several children and many young persons on board, it was considered well that *Instruction classes* should be formed in each vessel. The teachers were selected with much care. Three qualifications in them were required, namely, well instructed minds, kind hearts, and an aptness to teach.

In the ship *Safety* the teachers selected were Henry Thoughtful, and Mary True-heart. The young people gathered around them, as filings of iron gather around a magnet—they felt the attraction of sympathy and love. As there was a readiness in the teachers to impart, so there was a readiness in the young people to receive.

The object of the teachers was rather to awaken a taste for knowledge, and to excite a spirit of enquiry, than to communicate, unasked, a large amount of information. They aimed to lead their pupils to think and feel aright. A large part of the time allotted for instruction was devoted to the usual branches of education; but the most cherished desire of the teachers was to be instrumental in developing the germs of spiritual life which they had reason to hope their pupils possessed.

Yet their daily instructions were not so much on the subject of religion, as pervaded by its spirit. At stated times however, they opened to the young people, as they were able to bear, the doctrines and precepts of holy writ; and so happy were they in their method and spirit, that the hours of more direct scriptural instruction were regarded by the learners as some of the most pleasant. They united, in their teaching, doctrine and precept, principle and practice; and they sought grace to furnish in their own conduct examples of patience and meekness, sympathy and kindness. And though in their own estimation, they fell far short of the standard they aimed at, they were successful in no small degree; and the effects of the instruction and training, which the young people of the Ark-for-us enjoyed, were seen in their conduct in all their after life.

One day I went into the class-room, and I was much interested in hearing the children answer a few questions put to them by their instructor, upon what he appropriately called Spiritual Arithmetic. Among other questions and answers were the following:—

- Q. What is beyond human power to *enumerate* ?
- A. The mercies of God.
- Q. What is good practice in *addition* ?
- A. To “*add* to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly-kindness, and to brotherly-kindness charity.”
- Q. What is that from which nothing can be *subtracted* ?
- A. The finished work of Immanuel.
- Q. Furnish me with an example of *multiplication*.

A. Put down the favours of God, multiply them first by their *freeness*, next by their *frequency*, and then by their *fulness*, and the product will be greater than can be conceived.

Q. Tell me what can never be *divided*.

A. Sin and misery : holiness and happiness.

Q. State a golden rule in *practice*.

A. Do unto others, as you would have others do to you.

Q. What is a good *rule of three* ?

A. Faith, Hope and Charity.

Q. Which of these terms is the greatest ?

A. The last mentioned—charity, or love.

Q. Why ?

A. Because it remains when the others are no more.

Q. Can you tell me the name of an ancient one who was a good *reckoner* ?

A. The apostle Paul : he *reckoned* that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.

Q. Now let me ask you a few more questions of a more general character—What are the two most important sciences ?

A. The knowledge of ourselves, and the knowledge of God in Christ Jesus.

Q. What star is the most distinguished in any constellation ?

A. The bright and morning star.

Q. What is that which is wrought by Him who is wonderful in working, but which is beyond the power of all human chemists to accomplish ?

A. The bringing of light out of darkness, and good out of evil.

Q. What geological examination is very humbling in its tendency?

A. The examination of "the rock whence we were hewn, and the hole of the pit whence we were digged."

Q. What is heavier than wood?

A. Iron.

Q. What is heavier than iron?

A. Lead.

Q. What is heavier than lead?

A. Guilt upon the conscience.

Q. What has power to lift that heavy load away?

A. The precious blood of Christ, applied by the Holy Spirit.

Q. What is more valuable than coral?

A. Cornelian.

Q. What is more valuable than cornelian?

A. The amethyst.

Q. What is more valuable than the amethyst?

A. The emerald.

Q. What is more valuable than the emerald?

A. The ruby.

Q. What is more valuable than the ruby?

A. WISDOM—"She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her."

Q. What is brighter than the light of a glowworm?

A. That of a star.

Q. What is brighter than a star?

A. The moon.

Q. What is brighter than the moon ?

A. The sun.

Q. What is brighter than the sun ?

A. *The glory of God in the face of the Lord Jesus Christ.*

Q. When is covetousness allowable ?

A. When we covet earnestly the best gifts—the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit.

Q. Which is the best side of any place of sinful amusement ?

A. The OUTSIDE.

“Good children,” said the listener, “you have answered very nicely. I hear that William Goodheed has committed to memory a piece of considerable interest on Nature and Grace, in which one is distinguished from the other in a variety of ways, and I should like to hear him repeat it.” William then stood up, and with clear voice and suitable emphasis repeated what follows :—

NATURE AND GRACE.

NATURE is inherited,
GRACE is bestowed.

NATURE is from Adam,
GRACE is from Christ.

NATURE is the “old man,”
GRACE is the “new creature.”

NATURE is the Pharisee,
GRACE is the Publican.

NATURE boasts,
GRACE confesses.

NATURE talks of good deeds
done,

GRACE weeps over sins committed.

NATURE may counterfeit,
GRACE alone passes current.

NATURE may wear the regimentals,
GRACE only can fight the battle.

NATURE may sing with the voice
GRACE alone can make melody
in the heart.

NATURE may carry a bible,
GRACE reads, and digests it.

NATURE may admit that the
honey of the gospel is sweet,
GRACE has tasted it.

NATURE may call Jesus precious,
GRACE feels Him to be so.

NATURE carries an empty lamp,
GRACE has oil in her vessel.

NATURE builds a fine house on
the sand,
GRACE's lowly dwelling is based
on the rock.

NATURE, like Herod, may hear
John gladly, and do many
things, but will keep Herodias still;

GRACE hates sin root and branch,
and aims at its utter extinction.

NATURE may abstain from a
dish, and long for it;

GRACE, for the same dish, has
no appetite.

NATURE would transgress if it
dare,

GRACE loves to obey.

NATURE keeps Sunday and longs
for Monday,

GRACE loves the Sabbath—
She smiles at its dawn,
And sighs when 'tis gone.

NATURE carries a price in her
hand to purchase favours,
GRACE goes empty-handed to
receive gifts.

NATURE may preach,
GRACE will practice.

NATURE says "I will," and does
not,
GRACE repents of "I wont," and
does it.

NATURE can swim with the
stream,
GRACE only can swim against it.

NATURE may start in the race,
GRACE only will reach the goal.

NATURE may thank God for
temporal comforts,
GRACE is grateful for sanctified
afflictions.

NATURE retaliates,
GRACE forbears.

NATURE returns a frown for a
frown, a blow for a blow,
evil for evil;

GRACE returns a smile for a
frown, a "kiss for a blow,"
and good for evil.

NATURE loves her friends,
GRACE loves also her enemies.

NATURE without GRACE is man unrenewed.

NATURE and GRACE in conflict is man regenerated.

NATURE conquered by GRACE is man triumphant through faith.

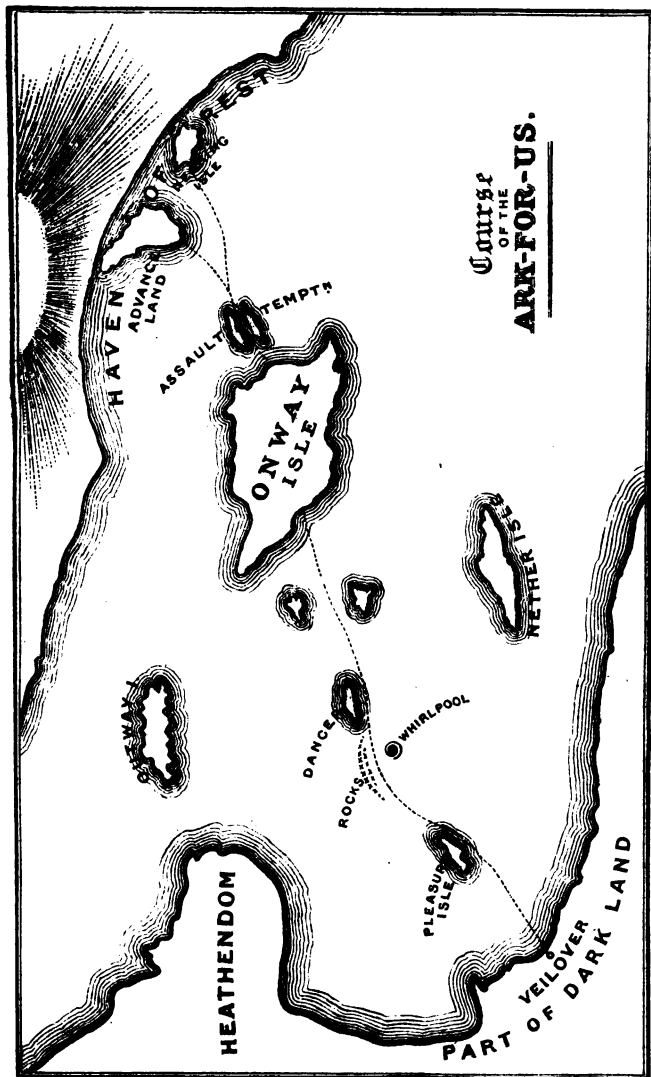
NATURE destroyed and GRACE perfected is man glorified and in heaven.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE COURSE OF THE VESSELS.

ON the third day after the storm, the passengers of the Dove dined together in the saloon. After much pleasant conversation at the table, when the cloth was removed, and thanksgiving offered for the wholesome repast, Mr. Teachable asked the captain if he would give them some account of his former experience in accompanying voyagers to their desired haven. He said he made this request in the hope that they might be warned of any particular dangers to which they might hereafter be exposed, or encouraged to follow any example of excellence that he could present. The other passengers said they cordially united with Mr. Teachable in the request he had made; and that they should feel much pleasure in listening to the relation of any particulars the Captain might think well to favour them with.

Captain Experience, upon this, rose and said:—"My companions, and dear friends, my experience during the many years I have spent on the ocean of life has been somewhat large and varied, so that I am rather at a loss to know what to relate; I am glad, however, that I am desired rather to give you the result of my observation of others, than to speak of myself: but before I attempt



J. LAMAR LITH. BRISTOL.

anything else, I think it may be desirable to acquaint you with the course of the vessels, and to give you some particulars about the country we shall first arrive at on our way to the good land we desire to reach.

“The voyage is divided into three parts. The *first* part is that over the sea that lies between our native country, and Onway Isle. The *second* part of the voyage is that between the Isle I have just mentioned, and Advance Land; and the *third* and last part is that from Advance Land to the Haven of Rest.

“The first part of the voyage occupies from ten to twelve weeks; then the voyagers take up their abode in Onway Isle, and there, usually, the largest portion of their life below the skies is passed. The period of their stay in Onway is very varied, indeed it is almost as much so as the duration of life itself. Some stay there only a few days, but others for many years. According as they are prepared, they proceed to the second part of their voyage, and go forward to Advance Land: this part of the voyage takes but a few days. Commonly the abode of voyagers in Advance Land is not of very long continuance: some indeed dwell there a few years, and there are instances of persons leaving Onway early in life, and spending the greater portion of their days in Advance Land, but they are too few. May some on board this vessel attain to the honour and happiness of an early abode there!

“The distance from Advance Land to the Haven of Rest is small, indeed one part of it approaches close to the Haven, and from the most distant parts it can, in fair weather, be seen.

"I think you must now have a somewhat clearer idea of the general character of the voyage. It is a voyage, for the land we seek can only be reached by passing over the sea, but a large part of the life of many of the voyagers is spent on land. I have simply indicated what generally takes place, instances sometimes occur of persons being conveyed over the sea of life in a time incredibly short. It was intimated to you some time ago, that all who in heart are in the Ark-for-us are reckoned as belonging to it, although as to their bodily presence they may not be on ship-board; it is well for you to bear this in mind. Some, almost as soon as they enter the Ark, are taken by the King's most speedy method to the Haven of Rest; they scarcely put foot on Onway, and they do not even catch sight of Advance Land, yet do they, through the grace and good will of the King, come safely to the heavenly land.

"I should like now to give you a few particulars respecting Onway Isle. I have spent a considerable time there myself, and am well acquainted with several of its towns, and also with the general character of its people, but it is nearly time to withdraw: to-morrow, should the weather prove favourable for a sitting, I shall be happy to give you some further information."

All present had listened with the greatest attention to Captain Experience, while he was spreading out before them, as in a map, the course of the voyage. They heartily thanked him, and asked his permission to publish the particulars he had given, throughout the fleet. To this, Captain Experience readily assented; so, from notes that had been taken, a fair copy was prepared for the

press, and soon all the voyagers in the several vessels were in possession of the substance of the Captain's address.

On the following day, many were anxious to hear the promised particulars respecting Onway Isle. As soon as the cloth was removed from the tables, the eyes of most were directed to the Captain. He rose and said:—

“It affords me as much pleasure to give you an account of what has fallen within the range of my observation, as it does for you to listen; and I shall be thankful if anything I may relate should prove instructive, and helpful to you on your way to the celestial land.

“By experience you all know something of the first part of the voyage. If we are still favoured with prosperous gales, before many days we shall set foot on the Island you are now expecting to hear about.

“Onway Isle is so named because it is a place where voyagers *on their way* to the celestial land commonly pass a large part of their mortal life: but you must by no means suppose that all the dwellers there are on their way to that land. Would that it were so, but it is far otherwise. The inhabitants of Onway are of a very mixed character; there are Jews as well as Gentiles living there, and men of many nations and countries. There is a great city in the centre of the Island, in which there are multitudes as truly in darkness as any of the inhabitants of Veil-over; and in all the towns and villages of the Island the inhabitants are mixed: but some towns are better situated than others, and contain a larger proportion of those who are sojourners, earnestly desiring the better country.

“There is the town of PROFESSION, a very fair town to look at, and favourably situated; it is surrounded by pleasant meadows, and trees for shade and fruit are plentiful: a wholesome stream flows through the midst of it: the streets are kept clean, and at night they are well lighted. The inhabitants generally are a well conducted people, indeed all the regular dwellers in this town profess to love light, and to hate darkness, they profess to love the King of glory, and to desire to dwell with Him; and there can be no doubt that many of them are very sincere in their profession, and that their affections are truly set on things above and beyond where they dwell. The people of this town, almost without exception, adhere to a statute of the King to set apart one day in seven for cessation from their ordinary work, that they might enjoy bodily rest, and spiritual refreshment. On this day they assemble in spacious edifices which they have erected. They reverently read letters from the King, they sing of his love, and pour out their hearts in praise. They make known to Him their united desires, and listen while his representatives explain and enforce his commands.

“You will find in this town much variety in the mode of procedure in their several places of concourse. The inhabitants are far from being united in opinion and practice. The same letters from the King are variously understood and interpreted, and sometimes their differences are attended with strife. Some who agree with each other in the main, but differ about matters of comparatively little moment, have occasionally, to their mutual shame, discovered much bitterness of spirit.

"I shall by no means," said Captain Experience, "express my judgment respecting their peculiarities, or enforce my views upon you on those points about which the people of the town differ. You have, yourselves, the letters of the King; read them with frequent petitions for an understanding mind, and cherish love for those who may differ from you in judgment. In the great essentials all true voyagers agree, and there is no badge by which they should be so conspicuously distinguished as that of love one to another. Oh! that it were indeed so."

"Hard by the town of Profession is the town of WORK-FOR-HIM. Here many of the town of Profession, who are sound at heart, carry on their trade, and do their work. All kinds of business, not opposed to the will of the King, are carried on in it. The distinguishing feature of the dwellers in this town is that they work as in the sight of the King, and from love to Him, and it is surprising to strangers how well and how happily they work.

"The people of this town, whatever calling they follow, have an air of nobility about them; even the sweepers of the streets, and cleaners of boots and shoes are, in spirit, noblemen; they feel that they are doing the work the King has given them to do, and that he takes their service well and lovingly. Mechanics feel that to be slight or slovenly in their work, would dishonour the King; so whether they are carpenters or smiths, shoemakers or tailors, they aim to do their work carefully and well. Artists, dwelling here, are actuated by higher motives than the praise of their fellow-men; the painter

quarter—from the Black Sea of Enmity; and some people apprehend that a return of the storms in their former violence may sooner or later be expected.

“True voyagers pass more or less of their time in this town: they do not enter it of their own accord, but it is so ordered, in the providence of the King, that all who are going forward to the better land shall spend some time there. Some dwell in it for years, others only for a few months, and some enter it only occasionally. The abode of voyagers there is regulated by the will of the King: and He always designs the welfare and benefit of those whom he sends to dwell there. I have myself lived in the town, and can testify that though in itself it is not a *pleasant*, yet it is a *profitable* place to reside in; and I have heard many testify that they have enjoyed much comfort there, and that as their afflictions abounded their consolations also abounded. There is an excellent school in this town for persons of all ages, and lessons are taught in it that can be learnt nowhere else. The manner of teaching is also peculiar: the *heart* is taught and not the *head* merely. I have heard some of the residents of this town say that they learnt more and better in one week in this school, than they had learnt before in the course of years in ordinary colleges.

“Some dwellers in this town suffer much bodily sickness, others are greatly perplexed in mind; some have experienced heavy losses—from affluence, they have been reduced to straitened circumstances; others are mourning the loss of their nearest and dearest friends, and some are suffering imprisonment for the truth, and for conscience’ sake. In former times, the rack and the stake were in

frequent use here. The public records of this town tell startling things of the sufferings of some of its ancient inhabitants ; ‘ they were tortured, they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, they were slain with the sword : ’ some have been fastened to a stake on the sea-shore, when the tide was advancing, and left to perish in the deep. Many have been consumed by the devouring flames ; in a word, the enemies of the King, stirred up by the ruler of the bottomless pit, have done all to dwellers here that malice and cruelty could suggest. They have taken out the tongues of their victims ; they have burnt out their eyes, they have cut off their ears, they have tortured and destroyed their bodies, but they could do no more—their souls they could not touch ; and the worst that they did to them, contrary to their design, only the sooner opened to them the gates of Paradise, and enabled them the sooner to drink of the river of eternal joy.

“ What I have told you of the town of Bear-for-Him, may almost make you shudder, and perhaps some of you tremble to think that you may be called some day to dwell there ; but consider this, that whatever the King may call you to bear for Him, He will help you through. He will make His strength perfect in your weakness, and His grace will be sufficient for you. He can enable you to live for Him, to suffer, yea even to *die* for Him. Only trust in Him, and be not afraid.”

Then Captain Experience, from the King’s tankard, poured out liberally the cheering wine of Promise, and the hearts of the voyagers were made glad. As the cup went round, they spoke comfortably one to another, and they all dwelt, with especial delight, upon the assurance

the King had given them that when they pass through the waters they should not overflow them, and through the fires that they should not be burnt, that their shoes should be iron and brass, and that as their days, so should their strength be. Then they arose, and sang :—

“Now let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song ;
His shield is spread o'er every saint,
And thus supported, who shall faint ?

“Bound by His word, He will display
A strength proportioned to our day ;
And when united trials meet,
Will shew a path of safe retreat.”

Before they separated, Mr. Teachable said, in the name of all the voyagers present, he tendered earnest thanks to the Captain for the truly interesting particulars he had furnished respecting Onway Isle, and its people, and as on a former occasion the Captain had kindly complied with a request that they might be allowed to print the substance of his communications, so now he hoped the Captain would accord the same liberty, that all the voyagers of the fleet might partake, as far as possible, of the advantages which they had enjoyed. The Captain at once acquiesced in the proposal : so a report of his addresses was soon printed, and as the Dove came near any other vessel of the fleet, a boat was sent with a good supply of copies, and soon all the voyagers were well informed about the towns of Profession, Work-for-Him, and Bear-for-Him.

CHAPTER IX.

TITUS WATCHLESS ENSNARED.

ONE day, when the sea was unusually calm, all the vessels were within sight of each other, so, as if by a common impulse, they drew as near to each other as they could, and several voyagers passed in boats from ship to ship. There was many a loving greeting that day, and the voyagers in general realized that although they were sailing in different vessels, THE FLEET WAS ONE, and that they themselves also were one with each other. A halo of brightness encircled the fleet, it was a beautiful sight to behold, and the voyagers regarded it as an emblem of the light and love of the celestial land, where they hoped for ever to dwell.

In the evening of this day, I went on board the Holy-Love, with the intention of remaining there for some time.

Captain Cheering received me with much affection, and introduced me to several of his passengers, and in particular to Charles Prayerful, Mary, his wife, their son and two daughters; also to Samuel Trusting and Agnes Gentle, Paul Full-hope and Oliver Good-age, Cyrus Sound-man and Richard Peaceful.

I soon felt at home among them, and listened with great interest while they related many incidents that had occurred on the voyage, of which I had no previous knowledge. I will simply relate one of them—the *rescue of Titus Watchless from a position of great peril*. It appears that Titus had been observed to be less hearty at his meals than usual, and in particular he discovered but little appetite for the most necessary food: he wanted spiced dishes, and highly seasoned meat, when milk and meat without condiments would suit him best. One warm, moonlight night, when he should have been in his resting place, he was walking on the deck in a light and wanton mood. Presently he heard the sound of a flute, as if from a boat near the ship; he looked over the side of the vessel, and saw a yacht, which, besides the seamen who managed it, had three young men in it, and two damsels. The occupants of the yacht observed that the attention of Titus was arrested, so they steered towards the ship: and as they approached, the flutist resumed his playing, and his companions sang. Titus was charmed, and the female voices allured him greatly. When they had finished the melody, they came close to the ship's side, and said, "This is a charming night; we have come out for a sail for a few hours, from a beautiful little island, where we live; it is not far from here, and bears the name of Pleasure-land. You appear to be on voyage to Onway Isle: if you like to join us, we shall be pleased with your company. You can stay a few days with us, and there are always opportunities of getting from our Island to Onway, so that you can go forward as soon as you desire."

Titus, entirely off his guard, wanted but little persua-

sion, and taking advantage of a rope-ladder hanging over the side of the ship, he was soon in the yacht, and though at first he little suspected it, he was taken in a snare of the fowler. The singing and lively conversation of his companions beguiled him; they appeared to be his friends, and to study only his enjoyment, but they were bent upon his injury, and wished to make him as corrupt as themselves. They steered to Pleasure Land with their prey. Once on shore, it was plain to Titus that he was on the enemy's ground; his conscience was aroused, his eyes were opened to his peril, and he bewailed his folly in yielding to the temptation to leave the Ark-for-us. That night was a miserable one to him, spent in association with the godless and profane, the wanton and impure. The next morning he enquired for a ship to Onway, but he found none; there was ready communication back to Veil-over, but none forward to Onway. Allurements to evil met him on every hand, and pleasure was spreading her net to entangle him; but he cried earnestly to the King, and He was very gracious to him at the voice of his cry.

Captain Cheering, missing him at the morning call, at once suspected that he had come to harm. He consulted his chart, and found that in the night they had passed near Pleasure Isle, and immediately concluded that Titus had been beguiled by some emissaries of the enemy, and had gone thither. Without loss of time, he dropped anchor, and ordered a swift boat to be dispatched from the ship, manned by three trusty ones, whom he commissioned to find out Titus, and if possible to bring him back to the ship.

They found him with some difficulty, for none were disposed to aid them in their search. He was in a pitiable plight, bordering on despair. As soon as he could be persuaded that Captain Cheering had sent for him, he was easily prevailed on to return. He came back in the boat weeping, covered with shame and confusion of face. He greatly bewailed his neglect of watchfulness, and thenceforth he might truthfully have been called *Titus Watchful*, for a more watchful and vigilant voyager could not be found in the Ark-for-us.



CHAPTER X.

VOYAGERS RELATE THEIR EXPERIENCE.

ON the second day of my stay on board the Holy-love, before rising from the dinner table, the Captain said it would afford him pleasure to meet the voyagers in the saloon, at six in the evening, when he would suggest, that they might spend an hour or two profitably in relating to each other the means by which they were led to enter upon the voyage, and any other circumstances in their personal history that would be for their mutual benefit to hear. The proposal was very cordially received.

At the time mentioned, all the voyagers who were able to attend were present. After a few minutes spent in the utterance of their hearts in praise and prayer, Captain Cheering rose, and said :—"By the manifest harmony, and brotherly affection that prevail among us, I am reminded of that ancient psalm, ' Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity ; it is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down to the skirts of his garments ; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion, for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even

life for evermore.' The King's Son has assured us that He is in the midst of us, and we know it by experience: not with our bodily eyes do we perceive Him, but in our hearts we feel His presence. His Spirit too is with us, and hence the holy freedom we enjoy: where He is there is liberty: 'It is good for us to be here.'

"We have assembled, not to exalt ourselves, but to magnify the grace of our King: to tell of his kindness towards us, to utter something of his unspeakable love. That we are here is entirely of His grace: in the darkness of Veil-over we all should have remained, had He left us to ourselves; but here we are, in the Ark He has provided for us, and on our way to the home He has prepared for us.

"As to my own recovery, my story is a brief one. I lived in the densest part of the dark, *dark* land, and the deeds of darkness I loved; by the grace of the King, those deeds I now hate, and their memory is abhorrent to me. Oh! what light is that which could scatter such darkness as mine! What grace is that which provided a fountain, for my cleansing! That fountain, I was assured by the royal proclamation, was opened on purpose for the unclean, so I believed it was opened for me. Black and defiled, I plunged therein, I proved its power to cleanse, and I praise Him who provided it: all my praises I feel are faint and feeble for such a fountain—so costly, so efficacious, and so accessible. I feel my need of it daily, and daily do I wash therein: this makes me cheerful and happy, and

Impels me to sing the praise of my King.

Cyrus Soundman, I see, is now ready to tell us something."

Then, as Captain Cheering sat down, Cyrus rose: he had passed the meridian of life, but his mind was vigorous, and his voice was firm.

"I feel," he said, "that I am in the midst of brethren. I trust, and I am trusted, but I dare not trust myself: my trust is in Him whose goodness and grace we are met to speak of.

"At the time the seven ambassadors first visited our town, I was keeping a shop there. I heard the sound of the trumpets calling the people together, but I was too closely glued to my business to stir a step to hear the servants of the King, and I should never have heard them had I been left to myself. It was a visit from my neighbour Wakeful that first aroused me: I saw that he was awake indeed, and that he believed every word he uttered. This led me to think and enquire, for I am naturally cautious. Mr. Wakeful furnished me with a copy of the letters of the King, and entreated me to read them humbly, and with desires addressed to Him for His teaching. I did read them, and in some degree in the manner he directed me, and the more I read the more I wanted to read. The letters carried within them evidence of their heavenly authorship; my incredulity was gradually removed; I believed that destruction was in store for Veil-over, and all the inhabitants that remained in it; I believed there was an infinitely better country, and that it was the will of the King that we should dwell there. I was slow to credit that a title to an abode in it would be freely given without a mite of merit, but I was soon led to see that if a mite could purchase it, I had not that mite in my possession, and my only hope of

entering the good land now sprang from the grace of the King. I had several interviews with the ambassadors, and their instructions helped me much. I came gradually to know, and to believe, the love the King hath to us, and truly that love is marvellous! The little I see and apprehend of it, I can liken only to the contents of a small cup that a little child has dipped into the ocean when compared with that ocean itself."

When Mr. Soundman resumed his seat, Richard Peaceful caught the eye of the Captain. "I think," said he, "our young brother Peaceful has some interesting communication to make."

"It is kind of the Captain," said Richard, "to afford me the opportunity of telling my tale of the King's love to me, and I am the more willing to do so, because I hope some of our younger friends may be interested."

"About a week after the visit of the seven ambassadors to our town, I observed two young men in the street in which I lived, going from house to house. I wondered what their business could be, as they carried none of the wares of Veil-over, and did not look as if they were engaged upon the politics of the town. I was not long left in suspense, for they soon knocked at my door, and said they should be glad if I would allow them to speak to me about a matter of great moment. I desired them to be seated, and wondered what could be the nature of their communication. They briefly related what they had heard from the ambassadors, namely the impending destruction of Veil-over, and of all who should remain in it: they told me, also, of the better country, and the wonderful arrangement of the King to enable us to reach

it. They told me of their own determination to leave the town—that they had already entered the Ark-for-us, and were enrolled among the voyagers. They earnestly expressed their desire that I would enter the Ark too, and accompany them to the better land. ‘We are going,’ said they, ‘to the place that the King hath promised to give us; come, come with us.’

“I heard as though I heard not, I could not believe that the land in which my father and grandfather, and their ancestors had lived in security, was to be destroyed; as for a better land, I wanted no better; I had meat to eat and wine to drink; I had many associates and jovial friends, and the sports and pastimes of the town and neighbourhood delighted me much. I did not behave rudely to my visitors, for I saw they were earnest, and that all they said was intended for my good; yet it was obvious to them that I was impatient of their stay, and indifferent to their communications, so they soon left, earnestly entreating me to ponder what they had said.

“That evening I spent with my usual companions. I told them of the visit I had received from Ardent and Workwell, and what they had told me; I found that some of them had got an inkling of the matter from other persons. In a lightsome spirit we talked over the affair, and we all agreed that it was a fabrication, and that Ardent and Workwell were deluded enthusiasts. So we spent the evening over our wine in boisterous mirth.

“That night, however, I did not sleep well, and the visit of Ardent and his companion came up vividly to view; I thought—What if after all, there should be truth in what they have affirmed! While I lay pondering,

I felt the bed shake under me, and, in a few seconds, I heard a rumbling noise, and the bed was shaken again. I started up, and shook with fear, for I knew that it was no other than a quaking of Earth-land, and I thought—What if the destruction I have been told of is close at hand! No further shaking followed, but I could sleep no more. The next day Peter Ardent called on me again, and this time he was alone. He said, ‘I was grieved, yesterday, to observe that you gave little or no heed to what we communicated to you, but the facts remain the same. Veil-over is to be destroyed, and all Earth-land consumed; but there is another land of perfect safety, and a city that hath eternal foundations; and there is a way to that land for you, and the freedom of that city is offered for your acceptance.’ Then I gave heed to his speech, for the quaking of the earth, which I had felt in the night, seemed to corroborate his statement as to the instability of present things. As my visitor continued to discourse, I listened as with the ears of my heart, and was easily persuaded by him to see one of the ambassadors, who received me with much kindness. My tale would be too long were I to relate the various exercises of my mind: in brief, I saw my danger, and at length I believed that there was a way of safety for me—even for me! I saw, too, that there was a way not of safety only, but a way also of cleansing, and healing, and of peace and comfort, and a way also to the friendship of the King, and of happy communion with him. The earnest of that friendship and communion I have already enjoyed; so here, by the grace of the King I am, and to Him I would render the warmest praises of my heart. The

instrument of bringing me here was Peter Ardent, for whom I cannot but cherish special affection, and I highly esteem him for his zeal and faithfulness."

"I am sure," said Captain Cheering, "we have heard with much interest the narrative of our young friend. May he hold fast the beginning of his confidence firm unto the end; and may his course be like that of 'the shining light, which shineth more and more to the perfect day.' I hope also that many will be stimulated by the example and success of Peter Ardent to endeavour by personal effort to increase the number of voyagers, and there will be ample opportunity of doing so in Onway Isle. Our time is advancing, but I see that our good old friend Oliver's heart is full, and we all wish to hear a few words from him."

Then Oliver Good-age rose; his white locks, and furrowed features answered well to his name.

With warm heart, and earnest gesture he said :—

"I must speak, or the beams of this ship would cry out against me. An old dweller in Veil-over—it is the wonder of my heart that I had not long since been banished to 'the blackness of darkness for ever.' Oh! what grace in the King to provide an Ark for me, *for me* who had so long rebelled against him. I could not go to the ambassadors, so one of them came to me, not once merely, but again and again he came, and in words so plain, and in tones so tender told me the story of love. I heard, I believed, and I have found it all true. There is an *Ark* indeed, and we are in it; there is a *Physician*, and he heals us; there is a *Fountain*, and it cleanses us; there is *Bread*, and we eat it, and live by it; and there—

is a *Bright Land* yonder, and we are on our way to it, and I shall soon be there! O magnify the King with me, and let us exalt his name together: my voice is feeble, but my heart sings; long as I live I would trust and praise." Then they sang:—

Our gracious Saviour King!
Accept the praise we bring,
For Thy great love!
Jesus for sinners died,—
For mercy's richest tide
Thy name be magnified
In realms above.

Thy goodness shall prolong
Our notes of thankful song,
O King of grace!
We're washed, and clothed, and healed,
Pardoned, accepted, sealed:
How rich Thy love revealed—
In Jesus' face!

CHAPTER XI.

CONFLICT WITH THE ENEMY.

ONE morning Captain See-clear, of the Sure-bottom, was at his post of observation on the fore-castle; which was to him a favourite part of the vessel, and his attention was arrested by observing, at a great distance, three large vessels: he stepped below for his extra distance glass, and it was at once clear to him that they were war ships of the enemy. He continued his observations for some time, and concluded that they had malicious designs, and that a conflict must ensue. He then looked round on the expanse of waters to see if any vessels of the fleet were near, and he discovered that the Christ-all, under command of Captain Dread-naught, was within reach; so he ordered a signal gun to be fired five times, and it was soon obvious to him that the attention of Captain Dread-naught was arrested: special signals were hoisted, and in the course of two hours the Christ-all was within boat-reach of the Sure-bottom. The captains met in the boat of the last-named vessel, and after being in close conversation for a short time, they returned to their respective ships, and sounded the call to arms. The command was speedily obeyed,

and the voyagers, fully armed, assembled on the main deck of the vessel. Each captain addressed a few words to them. They told them that three huge ships in the enemy's service were at no great distance, that a conflict was inevitable, and that in the course of a few hours they would doubtless have their courage and fidelity put to the test. The voyagers for the most part looked serious, but calm; a few however appeared as if taken by surprise, they seemed disconcerted, and anxious about their armour, and it was soon apparent that they had allowed their swords to become rusty, and their helmets to become dim: fear assailed them, and they shrank from the conflict.

Each captain ordered the port holes to be opened, the guns to be loaded, and the decks to be cleared. Captain Dread-naught took the command of both ships; he ordered them to come alongside of each other, and standing where he could be seen and heard by the voyagers in both vessels, he said:—"The battle is the Lord's and the victory is sure; still must we fight as if success depended on ourselves. 'Quit you like men, be strong:' trust not in your own might, but in the might of the King of kings; stand fast and do valiantly. Though you fall, you shall arise; though you may be wounded, you shall be healed; you shall not die, but live. The King's Son lives, and you shall live also; He is in the midst of us, and through Him we shall come off conquerors—yea, more than conquerors."

After this encouraging address, the voyagers, generally, wore an appearance of calm determination, and cheerful trust.

By this time the enemy's vessels had come much nearer, and Captain See-clear had discovered that the ships were Infidelias, Rationalias, and Romanias. Either of these *alone*, it would be admitted was powerful and terrible, but *together* they formed a force which the vessels of the Ark-for-us, only, could resist. Their crew were daring and courageous men, and they were commanded by some of the arch-enemy's ablest captains. It was therefore plain that it was no mock-fight which the voyagers were called to engage in.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the battle began, and for four hours it raged fearfully. The first shots were fired by the Infidelias, and many of the voyagers trembled for the Ark-for-us; they had indeed been told that all the vessels of the fleet were shot-proof, but they doubted: rapidly-repeated shocks from the great guns shook them, and shook their faith: many of them staggered, and some completely lost their footing. And then the sharpshooters, firing from the rigging of the enemy's vessels, created some confusion and alarm, and especially when some lay wounded, and bleeding on the deck.

Captain Dread-naught ordered every man to hold his shield over his head, and all who obeyed were completely sheltered, for no shot could penetrate the shield. He then ordered a broadside to be fired from the Christ-all upon the Infidelias, and its effect was tremendous; her bulwarks were so shattered that it was obvious she could not stand another such shock; she withdrew immediately from the conflict. Our vessels, as I before mentioned, were side by side of each other, and at first the three ships of the enemy, as nearly as they could, surrounded

us, but now that Infidelia, utterly disabled, withdrew to some distance, the Romania took a position opposite to the Sure-bottom, and the Rationalia opposite the Christ-all; and with a rapidity of action such as expert and skilled men only could command, they discharged their guns simultaneously upon us. Six guns only from each of our ships were fired in return, but the havoc they made upon the enemy was great; and before they had time to load again, our vessels were ordered to come as near as possible to the enemy's ships, and heavy grappling irons were fixed to them. Then came a hand to hand fight between the voyagers and the enemy's crew, and it was such a conflict as is rarely witnessed; the sword and the shield were tried indeed, as well as the courage of those who wielded them. A few gave way under the assault of the enemy, and some faint-hearted ones cried out for fear; but the most fought bravely and well. Captain Dread-naught led the attack; he was the first to set foot on the deck of the enemy, and his valour inspired many. The courage of Captain Cheering was scarcely less conspicuous; his voice as well as his actions encouraged many a drooping one. The fight went on, and the resistance of the foe was long and stubborn. But at length, at about seven in the evening, the enemy gave way, and asked for quarter, which was at once granted. The grappling irons were loosed, and the Rationalia and Romania were allowed to move away; which they did in sorry plight, with the crest of their pride broken, for most of their guns had been thrown overboard, their bulwarks were shattered, a large number of men were severely wounded, and many were slain.

As soon as the battle was over, and the shout of victory had ceased, Captain Dread-naught said:—"Now for a hearty note of praise to the King." To this there was a joyful response, and they immediately sang:—

With heart and voice we'll sing
To Thee our gracious King;
And now proclaim
'Tis only by Thy might
We've put the foe to flight;
And 'tis our chief delight
To praise Thy name.

It was soon ascertained that a few prisoners had been taken off in one of the enemy's ships, but they were men of doubtful character, who threw aside their armour when they most needed it. Five were slain—Cato Truthless, Isaachar Deceit, Demas Worldling, Nero Sensual, and Alexander All-form: and the fact of their death proved plainly that they were not voyagers at heart, for all true ones are kept by the power of the King, through faith, unto final triumph and glory. A considerable number, however, of genuine voyagers were more or less wounded, but none of their wounds were mortal. They were entrusted to skilled surgeons and tender nurses, and in due time they recovered, only some of them shewed scars that they would retain as long as their natural lives continued.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WHIRLPOOL AND RIDGE OF ROCKS.

THE day after the battle, Captain See-clear called the attention of the voyagers to a peculiar current in the part of the ocean they were then passing over, and informed them that he had ascertained, by consulting his chart, that at the distance of a few leagues there was a very dangerous *whirlpool*. He said :—" My business will be, carefully to observe the bearings of the ship, and to avoid the influence of this current. Far ahead of us," he continued, " you can just see two ships, and I presume they are approaching that part of the current which is attended with much danger." And then, looking through his telescope, he said, " I find the ships are the *Presumption* and the *Self-trust*; I saw them lying at anchor in *Ignorance Bay*, about four months ago, and I warned the people of the neighbourhood against sailing in them, but they professed great confidence in the captains, whose names, if I remember right, are *Purblind* and *Dark-man*. I fear many souls are on board these vessels: they are too far off for us to attempt to reach them, and indeed we should be sailing out of our track by going towards them, yet we can even now warn them

of their great danger, and possibly they will give heed to us."

Then the Captain gave immediate orders for the discharge of warning rockets. Some of the most powerful were used, they went to an immense distance, and exploded with a terrific sound. It was obvious that they were seen, and that their import was understood, for signals were at once hoisted to this effect—"No advice wanted, mind your own business." "Oh," said Captain See-clear, "Presumption and Self-trust, in the hands of their wilful captains, have nothing but ruin before them, and all on board will be engulfed. Alas! that they will not take heed to good counsel, nor be guided by the King's chart: they trust to themselves, and their own hearts will deceive them, and bring them to death."

Then the Captain mounted the main mast, and having his extra distance glass carried up to him, he remained for about an hour taking his observations; he then came down with slow steps, and a sad heart. "Ah!" said he, "It has happened as I feared; the vessels are gone down, and all on board have perished. I had been watching for a considerable time, when I observed that they had come within the influence of the circling current; and round, and round, and round they went, each circle narrowing as the minutes passed on; until, with a velocity that was fearful to behold, they came into the innermost circle, and were engulfed in the fearful depths of the seething waters."

All present were greatly saddened by this narrative, for they partook of the spirit of the King, who has no pleasure in the death of the wicked. They felt also that

their obligations to the King were without limit, for preserving them from the doom of those on board the fatal ships; and were thankful that He had inclined them to enter a vessel of the true fleet, under the command of a faithful captain.

"All the other vessels of our fleet," said Captain See-clear, "I discern at some distance behind us, and it is plain to me that each captain is fully aware of the danger attending this part of the voyage. I observe that while they avoid the current that leads to the whirlpool, they are equally aware that there are dangers on the other side. The fact is, that the channel of safety here is much narrower than any who are ignorant of the chart would suppose. At the distance of only one league to our left, there is a long ridge of rocks, just under the water. Here you will observe them indicated," said he, holding out the chart to the view of any who were near enough to see. "The name of this ridge of rocks is Legion, for though the ridge is *one*, the dangerous points are *many*. There is point Pride, and point Vanity very near to it. There are three very dangerous points close to each other bearing the names of Carnality, Sensuality, and Intemperance. A portion of the ridge is called Deceit, and it culminates in Lying point. I cannot pretend to mention all the perilous points: the way of safety is to keep clear of the ridge altogether. I do not know how many ships in the enemy's service have gone down by getting among these rocks, nor how many souls have been lost by means of them; but sometimes a few wrecked ones have been picked up by the boats of the Ark-for-us.

"About twelve months ago, I heard of a fearful wreck

which took place on this ridge of rocks. The name of the vessel was Will-o-the-Wisp, she sailed from Cape Vanity. Flaming advertisements had been issued which deceived many. Dissipating amusements, and various fleshly indulgences were promised to intended passengers, and yet they were assured that they would be carried securely over the sea of life, and be safely landed at the end of the voyage, on the shores of a region of delight. Ambassadors of the King were sent to warn the people of the falsity of these announcements, but many listened to the voice of their own inclinations, and despised the warnings of the King. The vessel sailed on a bright day in August, with flying colours, and all on board were full of thoughtless merriment. In the month of October she was passing through this channel, the wind was boisterous, and blew with much force towards Legion ridge. The captain despising the King's chart, and utterly ignorant of danger from rocks he could not see, allowed the vessel to go before the wind, and she came with tremendous force against the three points I mentioned just now. In a few minutes she went to pieces, and nearly all on board perished."

"Your sad narrative, Captain," said one of the voyagers, "exemplifies the statement of the King—'He that being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.'"

"It does," said the Captain, "Alas! that His loving warnings should so commonly be despised. In a day or two," he continued, "we shall be passing near another perilous place—it is an island, and is called by its inhabitants Fortuna, but in the King's chart is named

Danger Isle. There is a volcano there, and if the weather is clear when we pass, we shall see something of it.

"Sometime ago," continued the Captain, "a ship professing to be bound for Onway, was passing very near Danger Isle, so near indeed that its scenery could be well observed. And at first sight, this isle appears to be a very desirable place to dwell in; the fields are always verdant, many of the trees are very beautiful, and some of them appear to bear delicious fruit. Then the harbour is spacious, ships can enter it with ease, and there is a pier for the convenience of landing passengers. The town is near the harbour, and looks handsome; there is an hotel, conspicuous for its size and beauty near the pier: altogether it appears a very desirable place to visit. But it is distinctly marked on the King's chart as a place to be avoided. Well, as I was telling you, a ship was passing very near this isle; the passengers had been some time at sea, and the sight of land was very agreeable to them, and so pleasant a spot as this appeared to be, attracted them greatly; so they asked the captain to pause on the voyage for two or three days, that they might refresh themselves on shore. To this he readily consented. Ah! many of them never returned to the ship. Directly they landed, they repaired to the hotel, where they found much that suited their appetite, and ministered to their vanity. They were soon informed that not far inland was a gold-field, where many were making their fortunes rapidly. It was designedly concealed from them that not far from this field, was a volcano, that had destroyed the lives of many. To this gold-field most of the passengers resorted, and the love of money was their ruin; they made haste to be

rich, and it hastened their destruction. On the second night of their stay in the gold-field—when they were sound asleep in their lodgings, the volcano suddenly discharged a terrible shower of red hot stones, which set fire to the houses, and destroyed many persons, and but few of the passengers of the ship escaped.

“You see now,” said the Captain, “that this isle, though called by its inhabitants Fortuna, is rightly called Danger Isle. Too many, alas, visit it, influenced by the love of money, and the hope of gain; and imperil what no money can purchase—their *souls*, and their *eternal welfare*!”



CHAPTER XIII.

A DEAD CALM—MR. WAKEFUL'S ADDRESS.

ONE day, when the voyage to Onway was nearly completed, there was a dead calm on the sea, and a peculiar heaviness in the air that induced a drowsiness in the voyagers, and an indisposition to take their usual exercise.

Mr. Wakeful, as before stated, was on board the Safety, and he thought it would be a good opportunity to give a few words of exhortation to his fellow voyagers. He intimated his desire to the captain, who most heartily assented. The call bell was rung, and soon the passengers assembled on deck.

Captain Shew-good said, "Our brother Wakeful has expressed a wish to address a few words to us, and I am thankful that it is in his heart to do so, for we are all feeling the effects of the dead calm that is upon us. I hope our brother will be helped to say something that may rouse us from our torpidity, and do us good." Then Mr. Wakeful said:—

"Dear Brethren, I feel much the need of being stirred up myself, I feel there is danger of settling down in

earnal security and fleshly ease : but surely it is high time to awake out of sleep. If any should be wakeful and vigilant, it should be the voyager to the celestial land. We have not reached that land yet, and we shall reach it only if we persevere to the end. 'He that endureth to the end shall be saved.' Our trust is in the unfailing love and perpetual guardianship of the King of the good land, but those who arrive there are not carried thither like a babe asleep in its mother's arms, but are led to it like sheep following in the track of the shepherd, or like soldiers following their captain to victory. Our gracious Sovereign works in us to will and to do of His good pleasure. He makes us willing to watch, willing to pray, willing to work, willing to wrestle.

"We have not, I repeat, yet reached the rest and inheritance which our King hath promised to give us. Onway is before us—there we shall be put to the test—Profession-town also, and Bear-for-Him will try us. Temptations await us, snares lie in our path, many wait for our halting. *Wake, brothers, wake!* Our race is not yet run, our battles are not all fought, our enemies are not all vanquished. We have much yet to do, in the might of our King;—for our redemption? No! praised be His name, the work of our redemption is finished, the atonement for our transgressions is made, the righteousness for our justification is wrought; yet, I repeat, in the might of our King, *we have much to do*—much to do for ourselves, and much to do for others, yes, for *others* also. Let the thought be far from us, that we have to live to ourselves—to seek our own good, and not the good of others. We are, I trust, on our way to the realms of bliss,

but are there not many out of that way? and cannot we bring them in? How came we into the way to glory? Instrumentally, through the efforts of men like ourselves. Let us then, in our turn, endeavour to bring others into the way everlasting. Let us all aim to be workers together with the King of grace. Let none of us be idlers in the Master's vineyard, let none of us be unfaithful stewards. Let us work while it is called *to-day*, and do with our might whatsoever our hands find to do.

"Brethren, again I say it is high time to wake out of sleep, our praying days are few, our working hours are short. 'Now is our salvation nearer than when we first believed.' When we are approaching our rest, what think you,—shall we then consider that we have done too much, or suffered too much for Him who hath loved us, and redeemed us with His own precious blood? When we have done all, we shall feel that we are unprofitable servants, but oh! that not one of us may prove to be an *unfaithful* servant. May we not be ashamed when He comes forth to meet us. May our fervent love to Him, and our earnest efforts to serve Him, call forth his gracious commendation, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!'

"Brethren, our salvation is of grace, and any reward bestowed upon us will be of grace—abounding grace, for surely any reward for service such as we can render must be gracious indeed! Yet we are taught that our reward will be according to our service. The smallest loving act, even the giving a cup of cold water in His name will not be unnoticed; but let us be ambitious of a rich reward: let us so live and act that an abundant entrance might be

ministered to us, into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour.

"I should now like all to unite in singing a verse or two." So they sang:—

"Hark! 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake!
Jesus, our Lord, is nigh,
Wake, brethren, wake!
Sleep is for sons of night,
Ye are of morning light,
Yours is the glory bright,
Wake, brethren, wake!

"Hark! 'tis the Lord's command,
'Watch,' He says, 'watch!'
Lo! the Bridegroom is at hand;
Watch, brethren, watch!
Be ye as men that wait
Always at the Master's gate,
E'en though He tarry late,
Watch, brethren, watch!"

Before the voyagers dispersed, Captain Shew-good said "For myself, I am thankful for the earnest and faithful words Mr. Wakeful has addressed to us; may we lay them to heart, and may the fruit of them appear to the praise of our King. It will afford me pleasure this evening to present to your view two or three additional scenes, and I hope they may serve rather to help than to hinder the good influence of our brother Wakeful's address."

In the evening, at the hour appointed, the scenic hall was well filled, and the Captain was punctually at his post.

The first scene shewed the walls of a fortified city,

and a sentinel leaning against the wall asleep. Presently there came forward a spy from the enemy's camp. He observed how matters stood, and quickly withdrew, but soon returned; and, finding the sentinel was still sound asleep, he beckoned with his hand, and a band of soldiers stealthily came forward. They attached a scaling ladder to the wall, and rapidly ascended, each soldier carrying a bag of explosive powder with him. In a short time, the soldiers descended the ladder, with all the speed they could, and ran off to some distance from the wall. Then came a thundering sound; an explosion had taken place, the walls of the fortress were shattered, and the whole town was laid open to assault.

"This scene," said Captain Shewgood, "teaches us the danger of sleeping at our post. If the watchman sleep, how shall the city be kept? Our hearts are as a city surrounded by enemies; take care that the sentinel does not slumber at his post. 'Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation!'"

The next scene represented a very dangerous road: one part of it lay between an old quarry and a deep pond; another part of it wound round the side of a succession of precipitous rocks, overhanging the sea; the path was in some parts very narrow, the rocks rose above the path about 200 feet, and descended for about the same distance below to the sea. It is evening, and the darkness increases. Presently a traveller is seen leaving a mansion, near the road, with a staff in one hand, and a lantern in the other. We watch his progress with interest: the light from his lantern shews whereabouts he is on the road. He passes safely between the quarry and the pond, and

now he is slowly making his way on the narrow path on the side of the rocks ; at length he comes to the end of the dangerous path, and his road afterwards is good.

The curtain falls, but it is soon raised again, and some surprise is expressed that the same scene is presented. The sun has just set, shortly it is dusk, and darkness rapidly comes on. Another traveller is seen at the lodge of the mansion, and the porter offers him a staff and a lantern, but the traveller proudly declines to accept either, and with a confident air advances on the road. The porter shakes his head with concern, runs a few yards after him, and shouts—"Do take the lantern, sir, for the path is very dangerous." "No, no," he replies, without turning his head to the worthy porter, "I want none of your light, I shall do well enough." In the dim twilight we can just trace him making his way between the quarry and the pond ; every minute the darkness increases, and now he enters upon the narrow path by the side of the rocks. We tremble for him, for the darkness has completely hidden him from our sight. In a few moments a wild scream tells us of his fate—he has fallen over the rocks into the fathomless sea, and no help is at hand !

"These scenes," said Captain Shew-good, "will require but few words of explanation. The pathway of life is attended with many perils ; and our ignorance, and the natural darkness of our understanding increase the danger ; but the King of Grace has given us *His word* to be a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path. Those who accept it, and use it aright are enabled, like the first traveller we saw in the scene, to tread the way safely, amidst dangers on the right hand, and on the left : but those who wilfully reject the lamp—those who lean on

their own understanding—who trust in their own hearts, and will not be guided by the word and will of God, are continually in danger, and, unless almighty grace prevent, will fall like the second traveller, to a ruin which is only feebly typified by his fall over the rocks into the bottomless deep.

The next scene shewed a ship in a storm. The waves beat against her fearfully, she is all but lost to view, and then she rises on the vast swelling billows. Ever and anon the waves break over her, and threaten to sweep all on board into the troubled waters, but she weathers the storm. After a time the fury of the tempest abates, the wind goes down, the waves are gradually calmed, the atmosphere clears, and the ship moves forward in her course with a gentle, easy motion. Presently she enters a harbour, the sun shines brightly, the white crested waves are dancing merrily, and the scene on the shore she is approaching, is very beautiful. When she is near enough, the captain hails an old pilot who is standing on the beach, and says, "Pray can you tell me the name of this place?" "It is called Comfort Harbour," said the pilot. "Comfort Harbour!" replied the Captain, "it is very appropriately named, and you can probably tell me the name of that part of the sea we have lately passed through, and where we encountered a fearful storm?" "Oh!" said the pilot, "that is Care Bay." "Care Bay," rejoined the Captain, "it is a very suitable name, for it occasioned us much care and anxiety, indeed our fears ran high that we should not come out of it." "Ah," said the pilot, "it is the law of the Lord of these seas, that none shall come into Comfort Harbour before they have passed through Care Bay."

"This scene may be useful to you in after days," said Captain Shew-good, "Rest follows labour; the triumph comes after the battle, comfort after conflict, the crown after the cross. When hereafter you may be passing through the stormy sea of trouble, remember the haven of consolation is not distant; when you are in Care Bay, remember that Comfort Harbour is before you. 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy:' 'weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' Hope then in God,

"——— the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."*

* The last scene was suggested to the writer by a dream of the Rev. John Newton, of St. Mary Woolnoth, London. It is thus related by the Rev. James Sherman, in a sermon preached in October, 1839. "A living minister not far distant from hence, one day went to Mr. Newton in great distress of mind, and after the good man had asked him how he was, said, 'Oh! Sir, I am very distressed, my mind is exceedingly low, my prospects respecting the ministry are very dead and cold, and I fear I never shall be an instructor such as I ought to be.' 'Ah!' said the good man, with a promptitude peculiar to himself, 'that reminds me of a dream I had last night. I dreamt I was in such seas as I had never in all my life experienced before; the waves ran mountains high, and the storm perpetually increased, and almost all hope that the vessel could be saved was given up by the entire crew; but all at once we came to such delightfully smooth water as I had hardly ever seen before, wearing such a glossy surface, and exhibiting such extreme beauties in the extended landscape. 'Dear me,' said I, 'what a beautiful place is this.' A person on the shore exclaimed, 'Oh Sir, do you not know what place this is?' I said, 'No.' 'Sir,' said he, 'this is Comfort Harbour.' 'Comfort Harbour! a very appropriate name; and what place is that out yonder, those dreadful seas where I have come from?' 'Oh! Sir, that is Care Bay;' 'Care Bay; indeed it has given me much anxiety and care.' 'Oh! Sir,' said he, 'but it is the law of the Lord of these seas, that no man shall enter Comfort Harbour, before he has passed through Care Bay.'" The minister in trouble saw the drift of the parable, and the relief which it afforded his mind was delightful."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ARRIVAL AT ONWAY.

NOW when the vessels of the fleet had been pursuing their course for ten weeks and two days, I observed that Captain See-clear was often standing upon an elevated point of observation, using his distance glass. And on the following day, about two hours before noon, he signalled to the mate, and immediately the mate intimated to all on board that the captain *had discerned a part of the coast of Onway*. Soon after, he came down from his post of observation, and the passengers gathered around him. "The mate," said he, "has already informed you that I have caught sight of Onway. There is a lofty promontory standing out from the isle, and I have no doubt that I have seen it. I do not expect you will be able to see land without a glass for some hours, or even with one for some considerable time; my sight is more than ordinarily good, and from long observation of distant objects, I am seldom mistaken in the opinion I form of them. As nearly as I can judge, we are about thirty leagues from land. We shall not reach it to day. We shall drop anchor in the night, at the distance of three

leagues from the port, and to morrow, if it should please the King, we shall disembark."

At the time I am now speaking of, all the vessels of the fleet were within sight of each other, and Captain See-clear signalled to them that he had seen land: shortly all the ships came closer together, and, the sea being calm, boats passed from vessel to vessel. By agreement, all the captains met on board the Safety, and were for some time in consultation together. They arranged that the ships, in their approach to Onway, should sail in the following order:—first the DOVE, under guidance of Captain See-clear; then, side by side, the SAFETY, the HOLY-LOVE, and the SURE-BOTTOM; and then, that the CHRIST-ALL should bring up the rear, under command of Captain Dread-naught. They also arranged that when they entered the harbour they should once more assume the crescent form, that their entire unity might be manifest. Captain Experience proposed that, in the evening, a short service of praise should be held in each of the vessels, and that songs of holy joy and thankfulness be sung, and in this proposal all the other captains heartily concurred. Throughout the day most of the voyagers were eagerly looking in the direction of the land, and some of them, whose sight was good, saw it about noon, and "Land Ho! Land Ho!" was shouted from one to another. Before the sun went down, all had seen, more or less distinctly, the hills on the distant shore.

At eight o'clock, the anchors were dropped, and the trumpets of all the ships sounded the call to the concert of praise.

It was pleasant to the voyagers to think, as they assembled in their several ships, that all their fellow voyagers were, at one and the same time, about to unite in a service of praise to the King for His goodness in bringing them thus far in safety on the way to the land of their desire.

Captain Cheering, in leading the meeting in the Holy-love, said :—" You will all, I am sure, see the appropriateness of the service we are entering upon, and which was proposed to be held by my worthy friend the captain of the Dove. I trust we all feel that we have cause for great thankfulness for the mercies we have experienced at the hand of the King during this part of the voyage. We have been brought forward amidst dangers seen and unseen : by day and by night the King's hand has been over us for good. We have enjoyed many blessings in common one with another, and, no doubt, as individuals also, we have our special and peculiar mercies to record. It is intended that this service shall chiefly take the form of singing. May all our hearts be in tune while with our voices we praise the King. Then they sang several cheerful and appropriate songs, and among them was the following :—

Thus far the Ark hath brought us
In safety on our way ;
Thus far the King hath helped us
To watch, and praise, and pray.

His arm of power defends us,
His word of truth is sure,
His mercy still attends us,
And ever shall endure.

Praise, hearty praise becomes us
For all His goodness past,
And earnest trust becomes us—
He'll help us to the last!

It was a pleasant sight to see the joyful countenances of the voyagers as they sang their songs of praise. Before they separated, the captain said:—

“Rise betimes in the morning, and dress yourselves in a manner suitable to voyagers in the Ark. Put on your linen clean and white, and wear the robe which the King's Son wove for you. Take each of you the pilgrim's staff, and let it be evident, upon your first setting foot on Onway, that you intend to take up your abode there *only for a time*. Let it be clear, I repeat, that you mean to go forward as soon as may be, to Advance Land, and that you can be satisfied with nothing short of dwelling eventually in the King's presence, in the realms of light and glory. To *Onway* you are going; then take it only as a place of sojourning *on the way*, and steadily keep your end and home in view.”

The captains of the other vessels gave similar exhortations to those on board with them.

The following morning, when the voyagers came on deck, a thick mist concealed the land they were approaching, but they hoped that it would soon be dispelled, nor were they disappointed. The fog rolled up like a curtain, and the white cliffs of the shore, lit up by the bright beams of the sun, looked very beautiful.

The anchors were drawn up, and the last leagues of the voyage to Onway were accomplished, the vessels sailing in the order that had been arranged—namely, first the Dove, emblem of peace, steered by Captain See-clear;

then the Safety and Sure-bottom linked by the Holy-love ; and the Christ-all (Alpha and Omega) bringing up the rear.

The approach of the fleet was observed from the shore ; salute guns were fired, the bells of the Harbour-tower rang merrily, and a crowd of spectators gathered on the beach to watch the landing of the voyagers. Many of the spectators, it was obvious, were themselves voyagers to the better land, and their joy was great to see so many rescued ones from Veil-over.

As the ships came into the Harbour, they changed position, and took the crescent form, and the bow of ancient promise over-arched the two end ships, and thus a renewed testimony was borne to the unity of the fleet—that it was, in a word, the one Ark-for-us—the Christ-for-us—the Way-for-us to the land of glory.

As the voyagers came on shore they had many a hearty grasp of the hand, and the women had many a kiss of charity from their sisters in the faith. Then the voyagers felt that though they had not come to their desired haven, they were not in Veil-over,—that they had at least come to Onway Isle, and in their hearts they thanked the King, and took courage.

The town adjoining the shore was called Freshingham. It is a pleasant, clean town, much resorted to by invalids, on account of its salubrity from the sea breezes. Conducted by friendly guides, the voyagers entered the town and soon obtained such lodgings and other accommodation as they required.

On the day following their arrival, several of the voyagers met and arranged for a meeting of all their

companions to be held in the evening to take leave of the captains, and to receive some parting advice. The place fixed for the meeting was Freshingham Hall, a beautiful room and sufficiently commodious for their reception.

At the hour of five they met, and took a simple meal together, and a charming sight it was to see them. Methinks it was such a sight as the holy ones of the better land delight to witness. Love and thankfulness sat on the countenances of all. Many of the voyagers had not looked upon each others' faces since they took ship; and the perils of the way, and their experience in common during the voyage drew them in heart and affection closely together. They felt that they were one, even as one fountain cleansed them, one robe clothed them, and one home lay before them. It was pleasant to observe, as "the cup that cheers but not inebriates" was sipped, how freely they conversed; there were indeed but few silent ones present, but their cheerfulness was chastened, not boisterous, and their deportment altogether was such as became their calling and expectations.

When the tables were cleared, the ambassadors and captains took their seats together at the head of the room, and silence came uncalled for. Mr. Trustworthy rose, and said:—

"Beloved fellow voyagers—This gathering is one of no ordinary character. Though we have been sailing together over the same sea, and in the same fleet for a considerable time, some of us have never seen each other face to face before. Many of us have now met for the first and last time, till we meet in the better land.

"Speaking for myself, I must say that the voyage, thus far, has been a very profitable one—humbling and yet comforting. We have, I trust, advanced somewhat in the knowledge of ourselves, and in the knowledge of our King. We have had a variety of experience on our way: we have had smooth sailing, and rough sailing, we have had calm and storm, sunshine and cloud. We have had sad proof that all professed voyagers are not voyagers in heart. Some who left Veil-over with us are not here to-night; they fell under the power of temptation, and went back, 'they went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us they would, no doubt, have continued with us, but they went out from us that it may be made manifest that they were not all of us.' (1 John ii. 19.) Some false ones fell in the battle: that we are here, is through the grace of our King, and to Him let us give all the praise. How much, under the King, we are indebted to our worthy friends under whose guidance we have sailed, it is not easy for us to ascertain. Now we are about to part company with them, at least for a time, and our especial object in meeting to-night is to take leave of them, and to receive any parting advice they may have to give us.

"As we have received so much kindness and valuable help from all our excellent friends, it would be invidious to speak of either of them in particular, yet I may be allowed to refer to the peculiar adaptation of each for some special work, and to the advantage we have derived in common from the variety of their gifts. How important to us all has been the lengthened experience of the captain of the Dove; how helpful the habitual cheerfulness of

the captain of the Holy-love ; how necessary the valour of him whose character is so well expressed by the name he bears ; how useful the telescopic vision, and habit of accurate observation of the captain of the Sure-bottom ; and last, but not least, how instructive and impressive the lessons of the captain of the Safety. Surely the wisdom and goodness of our King in the selection and appointment of such men to the posts they fill must be apparent to us all. I feel I cannot adequately express my sense of the great kindness we have received from the hands of the captains, and I believe that feelings similar to mine are entertained by all the voyagers. My heart is full, I can say no more. In the name of all the voyagers, I give my hand to each of the captains, and beg them to accept our warmest thanks, and best desires for their future prosperity."

He then grasped the hand of each captain, and sat down. All the voyagers rose and added a hearty Amen to the closing words of Mr. Trustworthy.

After the lapse of a few moments, Captain Experience rose and said :—

"I am asked by my brother captains to respond to the kind words of Mr. Trustworthy, and to express the love we all feel for you, and our sense of the kindness you have done us in inviting us to this meeting to take leave of us, and to receive a parting word of counsel.

"As for any service we have rendered you on the voyage, we are the servants of the King, and it should ever be our highest joy to serve Him well ; and as for any love we have manifested, it has all come from Him : passing through us, it has partaken of the defilement that

is inherent in us ; yet we have loved you, and do love you with a pure heart fervently. But still remember that our love to you is from the King ; He is the fountain, and we, at the best, are but tiny streams issuing from Him.

“As many of you already know, I have been employed in attending voyagers over the ocean of life for many years, and this is not the first time I have been on this island.

“Let me ask you all to remember that though now, as to your personal presence you are on land and not on ship-board, yet all of you who are voyagers indeed are in the Ark-for-us spiritually. Here you have no continuing city, but you seek one to come—let your deportment be such as becomes strangers and sojourners—let all your conduct declare plainly that you seek a better country, even a heavenly.

“Bear with me, and I will, in few words, give you the best advice I can. First, get the best air you can : avoid a smoky atmosphere, the higher grounds are the most healthy. Commune in heart with the King every morning before you commune with any other friend. Daily read a portion of His letters, and ponder well what you read. Keep your armour bright, and frequently exercise yourselves with the sword and shield. Look well to your garments, endeavour to keep them unspotted from the world. Walk often in the fields of Charity,—‘to do good and to communicate forget not,’ for with such sacrifices the King is well pleased. Do business in Work-for-Him ;—‘whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord, and not unto men.’ Fear not a residence in Bear-

for-Him; as your day, so shall your strength be. Visit Freshingham when you are sick, the sea breezes will do you good, and a walk by the sea-side will remind you of your voyage homeward. Keep Advance-Land in view, endeavour to get there as soon as you can, but with regard to this you will hear further from the King. Let thoughts of Home be very sweet to you, yet be not impatient to be there, but seek a growing fitness for it in spirit.

"As to your place of gathering on the first day of the week, go where you find most of life, and the means of nourishing it; go where the love of the King in the gift of His Son is most fully displayed. Value *externals* only so far as they may help that which is *internal*. Remember that the King looks at the heart, and that true worship is spiritual. Despise none who differ from you in opinion or practice, but love most where most you see the image of the King.

"I will not burden your memory with more, my heart would make my tongue run, and my words to overflow. In closing, let me say:—Distrust self, trust in the King with all your heart, and all will be well. Fare-ye-well—fare-ye-well. Grace be with you all. Amen."

Before they separated they sang:—

"Come, Christian Brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice, and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

"Christians, we here may meet no more,
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Brethren, we all shall meet again."

CHAPTER XV.

THE METROPOLIS OF ONWAY.

THE stay of voyagers in Freshingham was of short continuance. In a few days many of them took their departure to the town of Profession, with the intention also of carrying on business in Work-for-Him, these towns being very near to each other.

Some of the voyagers being accustomed to agricultural pursuits, took farms in villages near the towns mentioned; others went forward to the metropolis, a great city named Good-and-bad: some, preferring to live in the country, took up their abode in one of the villages, such as Clear-view or Upland.

Mr. Goodheed and his family went to live in the town of Profession; he took a shop also in Work-for-Him, and the distance being short, he walked backwards and forwards to business daily, and many of the people of the town did the same.

Mr. Wakeful lived in the same street as Mr. Goodheed, and there were not many doors between them. Joseph Workwell carried on trade as a carpenter in Work-for-Him. Jane Ponderwell went to live in a farmer's family in the neighbourhood, to teach and train the children.

Henry Thoughtful conducted a school for boys in the town of Profession, and Jane True-heart a school for girls in the same town. Mr. Trustworthy and Mr. Brightman lived and laboured in the town of Profession, and Mr. Earnest in Work-for-Him. Mr. Plainman and Mr. Full-love found appropriate spheres in the metropolis, the former in one of the most populous districts, and the place of his ministrations was much larger than any other in the city. The other ambassadors, namely Mr. Trueman and Mr. Wingood, laboured as evangelists in various parts of the Island, and their visits were always welcome.

After the lapse of some months, I went on a visit to the metropolis, and had repeated opportunities of being present with the assembly of Mr. Plainman. His hearers could be numbered by the thousand. It was thrilling to see them rise, and to hear them sing: ah! theirs was singing indeed, it seemed like the echo of the choirs above. Mr. Plainman wore no peculiar garb, he stood before the people in just such raiment as he wore every day. In his addresses he always appeared to speak as an earnest man having an important object in view, he spoke with peculiar point and force. He was never at a loss for such illustrations as were eminently adapted to secure the attention of his hearers, and to make plain the truths he desired to impress on their minds. Then, too, his people were a hive of bees, with very few drones among them. Their works of mercy were various—they had schools for the young, and classes for adults: they had asylums for the aged, and homes for the orphan: they had also numerous outposts, and many recruiting

serjeants. During my stay in the metropolis, I had the pleasure of meeting with many of the voyagers who had sailed with us in the Ark-for-us, and who were regular attendants on Mr. Plainman's ministrations, and useful members of his community. He one day introduced me to a gentleman with whom he had formed a close friendship: he was one of those who are commonly described as being "in holy orders," and indeed I believe he had received orders from the Holy One, and obeyed those orders too. This Gentleman's name was Wideheart, he was an earnest man, and delighted to mingle in worship and in work with all loyal subjects of the King. He held his services in a handsome building, with a lofty spire: but it was neither the external nor the internal beauties of the place that afforded him his chief pleasure, but rather the tokens there enjoyed of the presence of the King. Several of the voyagers availed themselves of the instructions of this excellent man, and profited much by his clear expositions of the will of the King.

In a remote part of the city, and in a very narrow street called Exclusion, there was a small building where a good man (as one cannot doubt) regularly addressed a little gathering, who regarded themselves as the special objects of the King's favour. I found that the range of his instructions was as narrow as the street in which they met. Mr. Highman (for that I believe was his name) had been preaching to this people for some years, and his flock, never large, had become smaller and smaller, and no wonder, for his people did nothing to increase it. They had no school for the young, they had no mission to the ignorant around them, and there was very little

practical love among themselves. The people of this community were often asserting that the King's pleasure must, and would be done,—that all he had purposed would certainly be accomplished. A great truth, no doubt, but they ignored another truth equally important, namely that in accomplishing His purposes, He works by means. The teaching which these people received was bad, and it brought forth bad fruit—inactivity, selfishness, and spiritual pride. A greater contrast than that between Mr. Highman's flock and Mr. Plainman's could hardly be found; but Mr. Plainman's were fed in the expansive fields of revelation at large, while Mr. Highman's were huddled to a very narrow pasture. The former were instructed in the whole counsel of the King, while the latter had their attention fixed chiefly on a part of it, and that part of it too, which is likely to operate unhealthily, when it is received out of due proportion.

In another part of the city, I met with a people whose place of assembly, though by no means small, was designated by them "The Room." They were much given to united readings of the communications from the King, and especially those portions which relate to future events. They were also more frequent than others in observing an ordinance appointed by the King's Son in remembrance of His sufferings and death. Many of the members of this community bore with much distinctness the image of the King; and love among themselves was no idle pretence; they bore one another's burdens, and shewed in a practical manner their sympathy with each other in seasons of trial and sorrow. But while there was much in them, and in some of their practices,

to admire, one or two evils were conspicuous among them. They discovered much anxiety for the members of other communities to visit their place of meeting, and to listen to their teachers, while it was a rare thing indeed for any of them to set foot in any place of assembly but their own. They declaimed much against the sectarianism of others, and yet they could not see that it prevailed in some of its most unseemly forms among themselves. And then too, while they imagined that they were the farthest removed of all the faithful, from the errors of the church of the seven hills, many of them practically came nearer to the head of that church in claim to infallibility, than any community of voyagers that could ordinarily be met with.

One day I entered a very plain edifice, the interior of which was the picture of simplicity and neatness. A considerable number of men and women were present sitting on opposite sides. Long after the time for the commencement of the meeting, they sat in solemn silence. No part of any of the communications from the King was read, not a note of psalmody was heard, and no audible prayer was offered—yet all appeared as if they were reverently waiting on Him. At length a woman, who with two or three other persons of both sexes was sitting on a slightly raised platform, rose, and in a slow and measured manner, uttered a few sentences, truthful and weighty. Silence was resumed, but shortly one of the men rose, and spoke impressively for a few minutes, incorporating in his address considerable portions of the King's writings. After another short period of silence, one in the body of the meeting offered a brief prayer,

and none could question that he prayed in prayer, and that the petitions he uttered found a response in many a heart. Shortly after, two men on the platform shook hands, which being regarded as a token that the meeting had closed, the assembly dispersed. This community was distinguished for practical goodness, and for their earnest interest in every thing affecting the temporal as well as the spiritual well-being of their fellow creatures.

My stay in the metropolis extending over some weeks, I had an opportunity of observing the remarkable variety of usages among those who professed to be regulated by the will of the King. I cannot pretend to give an account of all, nor would it be profitable to do so. Some used much water in an initiatory rite, others but a few drops, and some dispensed with water altogether. Some used a pre-composed form in petitioning the King, and others expressed their desires to Him in unpremeditated language; each class supposed that they were pursuing that course which was most in accordance with the will of the King. They differed also considerably in their interpretations of portions of His letters. Various classes of voyagers holding opposite opinions, and maintaining with much pertinacity that in all points they held the truth, have aptly been compared to children, who having gathered up fragments of a broken looking-glass, say one to another, "I have the glass—I have the glass;" "No, no," replies one and another, "you hav'nt it, but I have it." The truth being that no one had the whole of it, but that each had a part.

The love of the King embraced all varieties of faithful voyagers; He pitied their weaknesses and mistakes, and

by various means was leading them into a knowledge of themselves, and endearing to them the Son of His love, and His all-sufficient grace.

One day, I saw a large number of persons entering a fine building with a massive tower. As they passed through the door-way, I observed that they dipped their fingers in water placed there, and crossed their foreheads. Shortly after the assembly was seated, instead of filling the place with prayer and praise, they filled it with perfumed smoke. After a time the cloudy film passed away, but what a scene was revealed! If I had not known to the contrary, I might have supposed that I had found my way by mistake to a place of amusement, where the actors were performing their parts. The dresses of the men who officiated were much varied; some of them were habited in gorgeous robes, others were arrayed in white: boys, in long vestments, moved backwards and forwards with tapers burning, although the sun was shining brightly at the time. Then came a muttering and a mumbling in a language foreign to that spoken in the country;—the proceedings closed by some mysterious movements on an elevated altar, attended by the ringing of a silver bell.

Is it possible, I thought, that these persons can profess to be voyagers to the celestial land, and to be guided by the same instructions of the King as other voyagers receive? Well, there may be some light in the midst of much darkness, there may be some gold mingled with much alloy, there may be some gems in a heap of rubbish. Let me not attempt to pronounce absolutely upon the condition of these deluded ones, but surely the

shades of Veil-over are upon them in a large degree, and greatly do they need the shining of the true light. "O my soul, come not thou into their secret, unto their assembly, mine honour be not thou united."

In the metropolis the influence of the arch-enemy was conspicuous on every hand: among the many means employed for strengthening his cause, was the establishment of depôts at every available corner, for the sale of liquids pleasant to the taste, and enlivening to the spirits, when first received, but which when taken in large quantities, excited the worst passions, and induced a train of evils dreadful to contemplate. Synagogues also of the prince of darkness abounded, where his songs were sung, and his plays enacted; and crowds nightly resorted to them, and came away with their senses polluted and their minds defiled.

In almost every town in the Island, emissaries of the enemy were found, and enticements to evil were presented, but in the metropolis he seemed to put forth all his strength in opposition to the King, and for the injury of voyagers. Watchfulness was needful everywhere, but there, double vigilance was required, for snares were spread in every direction, to catch the unwary, and to destroy souls.

Happily the King's servants were also numerous in this city, and many of them were commendably earnest not only in their efforts to protect voyagers from injury, but also to increase their number. Many a fortress of the enemy have they assailed, many a battle with evil have they fought, and numbers through their instrumentality have been rescued from the service of the prince of

darkness, and become good subjects of the King, aye and good soldiers too. A gallant band of tried ones are daily engaged in visiting the haunts of the enemy, and in opposing his power: their weapons are not carnal, but mighty through the power of the King in pulling down strongholds of the evil one.

During one entire month of the year, meetings are held day after day, in a very spacious Hall by most classes of voyagers, with a view of encouraging each other in various efforts of usefulness throughout the Island, and in vast distant territories known as Heathendom. The voyagers give readily of their silver and gold to maintain and extend these works of mercy, and they frequently petition the King, that His effectual grace may render their efforts successful.

In this great city the benevolence and zeal of the voyagers have originated and sustained schools for the ignorant, hospitals for the sick, asylums for the blind, and homes for the destitute: for while seeking chiefly the eternal well-being of their fellow men, they do not neglect their temporal interests.

CHAPTER XVI.

RESCUED ONES TELL THEIR TALE.

ONE evening, during my stay in the capital of Onway, I attended a meeting in which some who had been recently rescued from the enemy told the story of their deliverance.

"I lived," said one, "in Deep-drink Row, and it was a miserable place to dwell in; the houses were in a wretched state of decay, the windows had more holes than panes of glass in them; the street gutters were filled with mire. The children, ill-fed and half-clothed, were ill-tempered and quarrelsome, the wives were commonly gossiping in their neighbours' houses, and the men were more brutish than manly. I am grieved to say that I was as bad as any of them. I had no sooner earned a little money than I spent it in that which made me more like a demon than a man: my nights were spent in debauchery and my days in misery; I turned my wife into a vixen, my children into imps, and my home into a little hell. The misery I experienced in Deep-drink Row I cannot describe. By the grace of the King, and through the instrumentality of His servants, I am living there no longer. I now live in Temperance Place, and

the change is wonderful : the houses are convenient, and have small flower-gardens in front, and vegetable gardens behind them : my neighbours are respectable, and agreeable, the children go to school by day, and play in a neighbouring field in the evening. My every-day clothes are such as befit a working man, and my best clothes are those in which I now stand before you. My wife has become my comforter, and my children are being trained in the way they should go. On that day (the best of all the seven) when the assemblies gather I hear Mr. Plainman preach, and the entrance of the King's word affords light. I am humbled and I rejoice : I have found mercy and I desire to tell of that mercy to others. There is pardon for the chief of sinners, for I have proved it ; there is grace to change the vilest, for I am changed."

When he sat down, a young man rose, and said :—

"I lived in Chance Alley, and my neighbours and daily companions were gamblers. My beginnings in an evil way were small ; I first played at cards and dice for stakes of low value ; I then became a frequenter of a billiard room, and then I proceeded to bet on horse-racing. I had a little money which was left me by my father, but I soon lost it all ; I borrowed a hundred pounds of my sister—that I lost, and then I became a thief. I held a responsible situation as clerk, and robbed my employer. My dishonesty soon came to light, I was turned away from my situation, my character was ruined, and I became an inmate of a prison. There one of the King's chaplains visited me daily, and his words of truth and love found their way to my heart. In my loneliness, I wept not mere tears of remorse, but tears, I trust, of

true penitence. When my term of imprisonment was expired, my friend, the chaplain, induced a tradesman to take me into his employ, and it is my endeavour and happiness to serve him faithfully, because I trust I am a servant of the King. I have found the way of transgressors to be hard, and earnestly would I warn any dear young people present, to avoid the first steps in the downward road; and in particular, (as I have smarted from the evil), I would entreat them to avoid all petty betting and gambling. The downhill path is a very slippery one; if you take the first steps in it, there is great danger of your going to the bottom of the hill."

When the young man had resumed his seat, a third speaker rose and said:—"I lived in the same neighbourhood as my friends to whom you have been listening, and in a part as near to the pit of perdition as either of them. I tremble to say, I lived in Cursing Court; oaths, and swearing abounded there: often were we calling for vengeance upon ourselves, and upon others; often were we knocking at the door of hell for admission. Oh! how great was the grace of the King that He did not open it, and shut us in. One day when I was indulging in my vile habit, a gentleman who was passing by, and who could not but be shocked at my blasphemy, came near to me, and kindly putting his hand on my shoulder, said:—'My poor fellow, will you think how awful it would be if your prayer should be answered?' He said no more, but tears stood in his eyes as he left me. His words rang in my ears all through the day, and often in the night following, for I could sleep but little—'How awful it would be, if your prayer should be answered.' I saw

my conduct in a light in which I had never seen it before : I saw that I had been praying for my destruction, and I felt that it would indeed have been awful if my prayer had been answered. I saw now that I must reverse my prayer,—that I must pray for my salvation : and, the Holy Spirit helping me, I did pray ; and I too found mercy. Now, I trust, I am a new creature, now I ask for blessings for myself and for others. I now live in Praying Place : an oath is never heard there, but the name of the King is revered. As you pass along you may hear the voice of prayer and praise in the morning and in the evening. Sometimes a few of the neighbours will meet in each others' houses, and unite in supplication and thanksgiving, and these exercises bind us together in sympathy and brotherly affection. Praying Place is a pleasant place to dwell in, we find it good to be there, 'tis sometimes 'like a little heaven below.' The air is pure, the prospect is fine, the sun often shines upon us, and, even in the winter season, we have more light, and less fog than many other inhabitants of the great city. If I should be speaking to any one living in the hateful court in which I once dwelt, I would say,—Friend, quit it at once :—its air is poisonous, threatening clouds hang over it, and the bottomless pit is near. May the King, in His sovereign grace, convince you of your danger, and lead you at once to abandon your evil practices. Come and live in our neighbourhood, there is plenty of room for you, and all about me, I know, would rejoice to hear it said of you—'Behold he prayeth.'"

When he had done speaking, an elderly gentleman rose, and said :—

“I lived for many years in Greed Street: most of the houses in this street are large and handsome, the doors of many of them are lined with iron; nearly every dwelling contains a safety chest, and secret drawers and patent locks abound. Mr. Covetous and Mr. Miserly were my next-door neighbours, and a few doors off lived Mr. Grasp-all and Mr. Grindem. I began business on this principle, namely, to get all I could, and to keep what I got: and I succeeded beyond my expectations; but the more I got, the more I wanted, and the more eager I became to hold it. My chief delight was to count my gains, and to feast my eyes on the shining heap that grew larger and larger, from month to month. As it became known that I was a man of wealth, I had many callers to solicit subscriptions, now to one benevolent institution, and then to another; but every applicant shared the same fate and was sent empty away. At last they learnt that in coming to my house, they came to the wrong door, and after a time no one ever asked me for a shilling. To this however, I should except occasional applications from some poor relatives in the country, but scarcely any of these applied to me a second time. About two years ago a nephew in the farming line, obtained admission to my house, and told a pitiful tale: his wife had lately been confined, his eldest son was ill in fever, he had met with several losses on his farm, he was not able to pay his rent, and bailiffs were ‘in possession.’ I did not turn my relative out of doors, but I might as well have done so, as far as any pity or disposition to help him was concerned: however, to save appearances, I told my housekeeper to bring in a luncheon. While he was taking his morsel,

evidently with a heavy heart, he stated some additional particulars that would have melted almost any heart, but which I heard with callousness. I said to him, 'I am sorry for you, but you must have been very injudicious in the management of your stock to have lost so much : I have some investments to make, so that I want all the ready cash I have, but here is something for your travelling expences, and I gave him, what it pained me to part with,—a half-sovereign ! Oh what a heart had I—as hard as the nether millstone. Oh ! what a wretch I was—a more miserable one than the meanest pauper on the face of the earth. What an idolater I was,—a more guilty one than the benighted heathen bowing down to idols of wood and stone. My god was gold—I was a base worshipper of filthy lucre. And am I now changed ? Am I a new creature ? ' Wonder O heavens, and be astonished O earth ! ' But nothing is too hard for the King of kings. If any one could withstand His conquering grace, methinks I could have done it, but before Him the mountain becomes a plain. He found an entrance to my heart—even mine. His love melted the ice of many a winter's frost. To the praise of omnipotent love I declare it—I am a changed man, the King alone hath changed me, I bow before the majesty of His mercy and adore Him ! I will not take up your time by detailing the means of my change of heart, I would fix all your attention on Him who hath changed me. It would ill become me to tell how I now dispose of my wealth, *my* wealth did I say ? It is not mine, I am but the steward of it. But I may say to the praise of Divine grace, that I now realize *the joy of giving*—I have abundantly proved the truth of the

words of our loving Redeemer, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' Many a burdened one is relieved, and many a tear is changed into a smile by means of that same gold that was eating my vitals as a canker, and hanging as a heavy weight upon my neck to sink me to perdition. Some who have spoken here to-night, have lived in dirtier or more loathsome places than I lived in, but if I was going by a cleaner path to destruction than they, I was going by a lower path, grovelling in the earth like a worm that the meanest one tramples under foot—'wherefore I abhor myself and repent as in dust and ashes.' Yet do I rejoice in the riches of Divine mercy—I would glory only in the Lord, 'the humble shall hear thereof and be glad.'" As soon as he finished speaking he withdrew from the meeting.

The president upon this rose and said :—"The gentleman who has just left very properly abstained from telling us of his benefactions, but it is quite right for me to say, in illustration of the remarkable change in his character, that shortly after his conversion he sent for his nephew, the farmer, and much surprised and gladdened him by putting into his hands a cheque for two thousand pounds. I happen also to know that several societies aiming at the eternal welfare of men receive from him a hundred pounds a year ; that he sends by a friend to fifty poor widows half-a-crown a week : a hundred orphan children are maintained and educated at his expense ; many a struggling tradesman has been greatly helped by him, and his secret benefactions greatly exceed in value his open gifts. The change in him is indeed remarkable—it is the Lord's doing and marvellous

in our eyes. Surely this is an instance in which instead of the thorn there has come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar has come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

The meeting then proceeded, and several briefly told of their being rescued from slums of iniquity and of being washed in the fountain open for sin and uncleanness, and clothed from the King's wardrobe; they also spoke words of warning to any slaves of lust who might be present.

"Listen," said one of the last speakers, "to the words of an ancient servant of the King writing in His name. 'For this ye know, that no whoremonger, nor unclean person, nor covetous man who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God. Let no man deceive you with vain words: for because of these things cometh the wrath of God on the children of disobedience.' And listen further to the words of a yet more ancient one:—'The lips of a strange woman drop as a honeycomb, and her mouth is smother than oil: but her end is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down to death; her steps take hold on hell. Remove thy way far from her, and come not nigh the door of her house: lest thou give thine honour unto others, and thy years unto the cruel, lest strangers be filled with thy wealth; and thy labours be in the house of a stranger; and thou mourn at the last, when thy flesh and thy body are consumed. And say, How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof.' 'Forsake the foolish and live.' 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his

thoughts ; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him ; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.' 'The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.' "

Before the meeting closed, they sang the following words :—

" Lord, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been !
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.

" But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love His name ;
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.

" 'Tis not by works of righteousness
Which our own hands have done ;
But we are saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through His Son."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CONFERENCE AND HARVEST HOME.

DURING my stay in the metropolis of Onway, Mr. Wide-heart invited voyagers, without respect to their peculiarities, to assemble for communion and conference, in a spacious hall adjoining the edifice in which he laboured. A large number responded, and they enjoyed in an eminent degree the communion of saints. The points in which they differed in opinion and practice seemed as nothing in comparison with the great verities in which they agreed. They realized that they were baptized with the same Spirit, that they loved the same Redeemer, and that they trusted and rejoiced in the same glorious King. As they bowed together at the footstool of mercy they proved that—

“The saints, on earth, in prayer are one
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.”

They conferred together as to how they might best serve the King, and defeat the machinations of the enemy. They petitioned the King to send three vessels of the Ark-for-us to Veil-over, and to raise up another company of earnest ambassadors to expostulate with the people of

that town, and of other parts of Dark-land, and to persuade them to set their faces towards the better country.

They met for three days in succession, and renewed their supplications with fervency and faith. On the third day, before they separated, assurance was conveyed to them from the King that He was well pleased that they had asked a great boon at His hands for Veil-over, that it was in His heart to do all they had asked, and that He had indeed helped them by His Spirit in their petitions and supplications.

When the assembly was assured that their prayers were graciously regarded, they were very joyful, and they praised the King, and gave thanks with heart and voice.

It was soon made known throughout the Island that three vessels of the fleet were about to be sent to Veil-over by the King, and all true voyagers rejoiced at the tidings, and prayed that many might be inclined to leave the dark land in which they once dwelt, and especially did they pray for their kindred and friends; and the hopes of many were raised that before long they should welcome some of their loved ones at Onway.

On returning from the Metropolis to the neighbourhood of Profession, and Work-for-Him, I came by way of the villages of Clear-view, and Upland. It was Autumn, and the voyagers residing in these places were busy harvesting. I spent a few days with them, and enjoyed my visit greatly. The King in His bounty had given them a fruitful season, and had filled their hearts with gladness. He had visited the earth and watered it, He

had enriched it with the river that is full of water, He had prepared them corn when He had so provided for it. He had watered the ridges of the earth abundantly, He had settled the furrows thereof, He had made them soft with showers, He had blessed the springing thereof. And now He was crowning the year with His goodness, and His paths dropped fatness. The little hills rejoiced on every side, the pastures were clothed with flocks, the valleys were covered over with corn, they shouted for joy, they also sang.

As I sat upon a stile on the hill side, and looked over the pleasing scene, I called to remembrance an ancient one whose name was Boaz; in imagination I saw him coming forth to his reapers in the morning, and I heard his cheerful salutation,—“The Lord be with you:” and I heard their hearty response,—“The Lord bless thee;” and I lifted up my heart and prayed that all who are engaged in harvesting now may be like pious Boaz, and his praying men. Some of the farmers whom I saw in the fields before me, and some of the labourers also, I knew to be servants of the King.

I was present at the harvest-home of farmer Generous, and I shall not soon forget it. The last waggon, well laden, was drawn from the field by the farmer’s best team: and the very horses seemed to enter into the joy of the occasion. Two of the farmer’s youngest children, in the care of trusty ones, were mounted on the waggon; the little girl had a wreath of the last roses of summer on her head, and the boy waved a flag with the words inscribed—“Harvest Home—To God be all the praise.” The wain was surrounded by the reapers and all the

helpers, happy that their toils for the season were over, and that bounty crowned their labours.

As the wain and the lively group approached the farmer's spacious dwelling, his wife stood on the step of the door, with a smiling face, and again and again her eyes turned with a fond mother's love on her happy children, mounted on the load. Three loud cheers they raise as the waggon is drawn up in the barton. The horses are unharnessed, and taken to their stables, and then, nothing loth, the men at the bidding of the farmer enter the house to partake of the good cheer awaiting them in the hall. The dinner finished, and their lively conversation wound up, they repair to their own cottages, but only to return, after an interval, with their wives and children to take tea in a tasteful tent. Afterwards the merry youngsters play a round of innocent games to their hearts' content in an adjoining field; the farmer's children join the happy band, and master and men, mistress, mothers, and maids look on and talk on many themes which the season of the year and the pleasant scene suggest. At length the shades of evening, and a willingness to rest, call all to the tent again. A hymn of thanksgiving is sung, the word of God is read, earnest, loving words are spoken by a guest of the farmer, on the harvest that the Great Husbandman will gather, and earnest prayer is offered that all present may be found among His wheat *now*, and be gathered into His garner *at last*.

Before they separated they partook of a plentiful supply of delicious fruit from the farmer's vines and orchard: little presents of useful articles of clothing were scattered

by the farmer's wife among the children : small volumes of profitable reading for the long winter evenings were given by the farmer to his men, and a final song of praise brought the festive meeting to a close. And this is the song they sang :—

O bounteous, heavenly Friend,
To Thee our hearts ascend

In earnest praise !

For mercies ever new,
For rain, and gentle dew,
Seasons of sunshine too,
And harvest days.

Thy favours shall prolong
Our notes of thankful song,
Great Source of good !
Our flocks and cattle share
Thy kindness and Thy care,
And all Thy ways declare
'Thy Fatherhood.

Yet in the highest place
We set Thy saving grace,
O God of love !

For pardon, full and free,
For holy liberty,
We'll give best praise to Thee
Here, and above.

On my return to the town of Profession, I was asked by my fellow-voyagers to give them some account of what I had heard and seen in the Metropolis, and upon a convenient occasion I furnished them, in substance, with the particulars I have now related.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A BRIDAL PARTY.

JAMES THOUGHTFUL'S school prospered, and at the end of twelve months, he desired to change his condition in life. He had long cherished an affection for Mary Trueheart, who had been associated with him in the instruction of the young people on board the ship Safety, and he had received assurance that his affection was returned. They often met at the house of Mr. Goodheed, some of whose children they had under their instruction.

It was arranged that the wedding breakfast should be at Mr. Goodheed's house. The King's Son was invited to the marriage, and He gave manifest tokens that He took the invitation well; though He was not visible to outward sense, He was spiritually present, His smile and favour were enjoyed, and His love brightened the countenances of all who assembled. The marriage knot was tied by Mr. Brightman, in the presence of many friends. The pupils of the bride and bridegroom were there with bouquets of the sweetest flowers they could gather. All who were present felt that the union was approved by the King, and many hearty desires for the happiness and usefulness of the newly married were expressed.

The wedding party returned to enjoy the hospitality of Mr. Goodheed, and his excellent wife. After refreshments had been received, Mr. Brightman read a short account of a visit of the King's Son to a marriage in a distant land, when He wrought a miracle in favour of the bridal party, and manifested forth His glory. "And the King's Son is with us to day," said Mr. Brightman, "and is turning our water into wine: He is making the union of our young friends who this day are joined in the closest and most endearing of earthly bonds, an occasion for re-awakening our joy at the intimate union that subsists between Christ and His church, and is affording us a fresh view of the unutterable love of the heavenly Bridegroom for His spiritual bride. 'He loved the church, and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it, with the washing of water, by the word, that He might present it to Himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy, and without blemish.' May each of us be growing in the knowledge of Christ, may we be 'able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth and length, and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.'

Turning to the bridegroom, Mr. Brightman said:—"May you receive grace to make the love of Christ to his church, the model of your love to your wife. And," addressing the bride he said, "May you have grace to make the submission of the church of Christ, the model of your submission to your husband. May the Lord bless you both, and keep you, the Lord make His face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you, the Lord lift

up His countenance upon you, and give you peace.”
And all present said—“Amen.”

Then they sang, to an old national air, the following words:—

God bless the bridal pair,
Let them Thy favour share,
God bless them each.
May peace their steps attend,
All good in showers descend,
This day, and to the end,
We do beseech.

Help them to live to Thee,
Their Guide and Helper be,
Through all their way :
In likeness may they grow
To Jesus, here below,
Till perfect bliss they know
In endless day.

About noon the happy bridegroom and his confiding bride took their departure for Freshingham, and the guests separated till the evening.

Among those present at the wedding were Joseph Workwell, and Jane Ponderwell; and observant ones remarked that it might be expected, at no distant day, that another knot would be tied, and general satisfaction at the prospect was expressed.

At the hour of six, the guests re-assembled, with a few additional visitors. Besides a few young persons of both sexes, whose names need not be mentioned, and the more immediate bridal party, there were present Mr. Venerable, Mr. Observant, Mr. Candour, Mr. Love-truth, the Misses Neat, Miss Discreet and Miss Bounty.

Mrs. Goodheed presided at the head of the table, and Miss Bounty, by her desire, at the opposite end. The conversation was cheerful and edifying.

After tea, Mr. Goodheed shewed to the younger part of the company a few coloured engravings, furnishing some amusing and instructive hints to any who might be anticipating the marriage state.

One picture represented a young farmer and his wife, in an open space before their dwelling, with a great log of wood, much too heavy for either of them to draw alone, with a rope attached at each end; and they seemed to be pulling with all their might in opposite directions.

Then he shewed them another picture representing the farmer and his wife, with smiling faces, pulling together in the same direction, and with good effect. "That's the way," said Mr. Goodheed, "for a man and his wife to get over their difficulties—let them pull together, in the same direction, with all the strength they can. Unity of purpose and effort will effect much. Neither the wife, nor the husband alone, could draw the great log to the wood store, but their united efforts were soon successful. Remember, young people, when you are married, you must always pull together."

Another picture shewed a husband carefully training a vine on the side of his cottage, and his wife sitting near him in the porch mending stockings. "Both are diligent, you see," said Mr. Goodheed, "about their proper work, and near enough to exchange a kindly word, or a loving look now and then; and yet it is clear enough from the little ones who are playing in front of their dwelling that they are not a newly-married couple. Mutual love, in

the marriage state, is capable of growth, and many a happy pair have found that, as the circling years go round, they are only bound in affection more closely together. Perhaps the next pair of pictures may help us to see how it is that the mutual love of the couple we have looked at is waxing, and not waning."

Then another picture was shewn in which the husband was to be seen, at some little distance from the cottage, returning home wearied with his day's toil, and a little capering one, with arms extended, running out to meet him. "Ah!" said Mr. Goodheed, "we can easily imagine that the good wife, catching sight of her husband in the distance, said to little Tom—'There! father is coming,' and that, without waiting for another word, he ran off to meet him."

The second picture of the pair shewed the inside of the cottage. The table was covered with a beautifully clean cloth, and everything was ready for the evening meal. The fire was burning brightly, the kettle was boiling, the good wife, neatly dressed, was looking her best, and quite ready to welcome her husband home.

"Domestic comfort," said Mr. Goodheed, "is not a thing of accidental growth; it is the fruit of kindly consideration, forethought, and care. The wife pictured to our view will not, I think, begin plying her husband with questions immediately upon his entering the house. Her smile, and attentive actions will tell him of her love, and presently, when he has partaken of the refreshments he so much needs, and is somewhat rested, he will reassure her of his love, if not with words yet with looks, and will tell her everything she wishes to hear, almost

without her asking. Here is love acting wisely, and in this humble cottage life, some of you dear young friends may learn a lesson that may be very useful to you in after days."

The next picture shewed a couple of bears, only their faces looked so pleasant, that we could scarcely believe them to be bears. "And what can this mean, Mr. Goodheed," said one and another, "surely this picture has nothing to do with married life." "Well," said Mr. Goodheed, "I have heard it remarked that every newly-married couple should keep two bears in their house, and pay them all due deference; I will not say that they must answer in form to the bears in the picture, but they must be fully as amiable as those pleasant looking ones appear to be."

"What can you mean?" exclaimed two or three, at once.

"The two bears," he said, "are *Bear* and *For-bear*, both husband and wife, however amiable they may be, and however sincere their affection for each other, will be sure to find occasion for both these bears: now they will have to *bear*, and then they will have to *for-bear*."

When the engravings had been viewed, and their lessons talked over, Master Goodheed, by the desire of Miss Discreet, recited the following fable, by a distinguished poet, which, she suggested, might not inappropriately follow the hints furnished by the pictures.

PAIRING TIME ANTICIPATED.

"It chanced upon a winter's day,
But warm, and bright, and calm as May,
The birds conceiving a design,
To forestall sweet St. Valentine,

In many an orchard, copse, and grove,
Assembled on affairs of love,
And with twitter, and much chatter,
Began to agitate the matter.
At length a bulfinch, who could boast
More years and wisdom than the most,
Entreated, opening wide his beak,
A moment's liberty to speak,
And silence publicly enjoined,
Delivered briefly thus his mind :

‘My friends, be cautious how ye treat
The subjects upon which we meet;
I fear we shall have winter yet.’

A finch whose tongue knew no control,
With golden wing, and satin poll,
A last year's bird, who ne'er had tried
What marriage means, thus pert replied :—

‘Methinks the gentleman,’ quoth she,
‘Opposite in the apple-tree,
By his good-will would keep us single
Till yonder heaven and earth shall mingle,
Or (which is likelier to befall)
Till death exterminate us all.
I marry without more ado,
My dear Dick Redcap what say you?’

Dick heard, and tweedling, ogling, bridling,
Turning short round, strutting and sideling,
Attested glad his approbation,
Of an immediate conjugation.
Their sentiments so well expressed,
Influenced mightily the rest;
All paired, and each pair built a nest.

But though the birds were thus in haste,
The leaves came on not quite so fast,
And destiny, that sometimes bears
An aspect stern on man's affairs,
Not altogether smiled on theirs.
The wind that late breathed gently forth
Now shifted east, and east by north,
Bare trees and shrubs, but ill, you know,

Could shelter them from rain or snow ;
Stepping into their nests they paddled,
Themselves were chilled, their eggs were addled,
Soon every father bird, and mother,
Grew quarrelsome, and pecked each other,
Parted without the least regret,
Except that they had ever met,
And learnt in future to be wiser,
Than to neglect a good adviser.

MORAL.

“ Misses ! the tale that I relate,
This lesson seems to carry—
Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.”

COWPER.

“I think,” said Mr. Goodheed, “it may now be agreeable if our lady friends would favour us with a little music.” They said it would afford them entire pleasure to comply, so the Misses Neat, with much taste and skill played a duet which was greatly enjoyed.

The party then formed themselves round a blazing fire, and Mr. Goodheed said, “We are favoured this evening with the presence of a gentleman, who has passed the meridian of life, and whose lengthened experience must well qualify him to furnish us with some suitable instruction in harmony with the pleasant occasion on which we are gathered.”

Then Mr. Venerable, upon whose head several winters' snows had fallen, and whose benevolent expression of countenance commanded the respect and confidence of all, looking round the circle with a beaming face, said :—
“I am much pleased to be in your midst this evening, as an old resident in the town, and as one who takes a

lively interest in all that affects the welfare of its inhabitants, but an occasion like the present is one of special interest to me. There are but few things that more affect our comfort and usefulness than marriage. A large proportion of the unhappiness that prevails is owing to unsuitable unions.

“As there are several young persons present who, I may well assume, have their thoughts turning more or less frequently in that direction, I shall not, I am sure, be regarded as offering what is unseasonable if I tender them a few words of fatherly counsel, with a fervent desire that they may lay them to heart and act upon them.

“If in all our ways it becomes us to acknowledge God, how peculiarly important it is to do so in a matter of so much moment as an union for life. Begin then by desiring that you may be truly willing to be guided by the Lord in this matter; and surely if you indeed know Him—if you know how wise, how good, and how kind He is, you will be willing to be guided by Him. If you are not so disposed, it must be that you have some latent idea that you could choose better for yourself than He would choose for you. You would not, I am sure, willingly indulge such a thought, but our hearts are very deceitful, and are ever ready to gain an advantage over us. Let me impress it upon you, dear young friends, that you are quite unprepared to go forward in this matter till you are heartily willing to be guided by your best Friend. When you have by His grace attained to this, then *ask His counsel*; and He will instruct you in the way you should go. You will not fail to observe that He clearly directs you

to avoid being unequally yoked with unbelievers—and to ‘marry only in the Lord.’ Here, so far, is a plain path; determine, in His strength, to walk in it: let no suggestion from within or without, lead you to deviate from it. Then ask Him for wisdom that you may see what, beyond the possession of Divine grace, is necessary to constitute suitability in a partner for life. And here, in general, it will appear that any considerable disparity in age, or education would constitute unfitness: but no absolute rule in these matters appears to be laid down. Ask your heavenly Father to give you a correct judgment, and to influence your first springs of thought and affection. Carry about with you habitually the consciousness of your liability to err, and ask the Lord to direct all your steps, to block up every hurtful path that you may be tempted to enter, and to open to your feet the right way only.

“Beware of impatience. If no door is opened to you as soon as you may desire, do not force an entrance. Watch, and wait: observe, and follow as your Father leads the way. ‘Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He will bring it to pass.’ Surely a wife of the Lord’s giving is worth waiting for! she will be one suited to you, a help-meet for you, a true-hearted one, who will share your sorrows, and your joys. Surely a husband from the Lord is worth waiting for! He will be one worthy of your love and confidence, one who will bear with your infirmities, and who will sympathize with you in your troubles. Do not, however, expect too much from each other: imperfect yourself, do not expect a perfect partner. And if you do, you will surely be disappointed. Love, patience, and forbearance will

certainly be tried, but your mutual weaknesses will teach you mutual tenderness, and draw your hearts more closely together. In the fulness of my heart, I have given you the best counsel I can. May the Lord direct and bless you, and make you blessings."

When Mr. Venerable had closed his remarks, Mr. Observant said:—"While our friend was giving his valuable counsel, I was reminded of a young couple who appear to have acted in a manner very similar to that which he has recommended. Long before they had ever seen each other, they made the subject of a settlement for life a matter of frequent petition, and sought Divine guidance. In a somewhat remarkable manner they became acquainted with each other; their friendship soon ripened into love, and after the lapse of a few months they were married. At first they trembled lest their love one for the other should interfere with their love to their Redeemer and their allegiance to Him; but by degrees they came to understand that provided their affection was subject to the will of the King, and their regard to Him was supreme, they could not love each other too well: yea, the husband felt that his love fell far *far* short of the model presented to him, even that of the love of Christ to His bride—the church. These united ones daily read the word of God together, and prayed for, and with, each other. When in due time they became parents they dedicated their children to the Lord, and trustfully asked that as they had been born after the flesh, they might also be born after the Spirit, and that they all might be received into the family of God, and be His adopted ones by grace. They taught

their children by *example* as well as precept, and trained them in the way they should go, and I believe they have the joy of knowing that they are walking in "the way everlasting." They left Onway some time ago, and are gone forward to Advance Land—the wife is now in very delicate health; it is probable that before long she will cross the stream, and enter the land of brightness—but she will carry with her the full expectation that all her loved ones will follow her, and that their separation will be only for a short season—that they will be a *whole family in heaven*. I greatly hope that our young friends who have been united to day will tread a similar path to that of the couple I have been speaking of."

"You told us," said Mr. Goodheed, "that the way in which this couple became acquainted with each other was somewhat remarkable; it will gratify us if you will inform us what the circumstances were."

"I will, with pleasure," replied Mr. Observant. "The gentleman was travelling, and arrived at this town on a Saturday evening, and found suitable accommodation at a boarding house, which was kept by the parents of the lady who afterwards became his wife. He had heard one of the ministers of the town highly spoken of, and enquired of the daughter of the host a little about him; she furnished him with some particulars in an agreeable manner, and with unaffected simplicity told him that she attended his ministry, and was a member of his church. The next day he requested as a favour that she would shew him the way to the place of assembly in which her minister preached. This led to their walking some distance together, and her manner in conversation appeared so

amiable that, contrary to his intention, he resolved to prolong his stay in the town for a few days, and to take further note of her spirit and conduct. The more he saw of her, the more his hopes were excited that in the possession of her, he would receive an answer to his prayers for a godly, intelligent, and amiable companion for life. After a week or two he declared his attachment, and when the father of the lady upon particular enquiry was perfectly satisfied respecting the character and standing of the gentleman, he was an accepted suitor. In due time they were married, and settled in one of the midland towns, where I have often had the pleasure of spending a week with them. The lady's minister of this town (eminent for his gifts and grace) was accustomed to pay them a short annual visit, and during his stay beneath their hospitable roof, their house was thrown open to as many as could come to his exposition and prayer, morning and evening at family worship, and several connect their conversion with the impressions received on these occasions."

When Mr. Observant finished his narrative, the conversation became general and animated, refreshments were taken round, and a lady eminently skilled on the harp afforded much enjoyment by playing some favourite airs.

By this time the evening was advanced—a suitable hymn was sung; the word of the King was read by Mr. Brightman; Mr. Venerable led the hearts of all in fervent supplication and thanksgiving, the newly married ones being specially remembered; and the guests dispersed at an early hour, happy and profited.

Mr. Worldling's Party.

In a stylish dwelling, on the east side of the town of Profession, lived a Mr. Worldling and his family. He was a regular attendant at one of the orthodox assemblies, and also a communicant. He professed to be on his way to the better land, but his daily associates and chosen companions bore witness against his meetness for the general assembly of the friends of the King; and his whole bearing shewed that he was of the earth earthly. It is true that he had two or three handsomely bound copies of the statute book of the King in his house, but it is equally true that they were very seldom read. It is true that he subscribed to some of the societies for benevolent objects, but it is equally true that he subscribed to associations for promoting fashionable dissipation. On the first day of the week, when the assemblies gathered, he was generally to be seen in his seat at the house of prayer in the morning, but it was a rare thing indeed to see him there in the evening.

Some time since, his minister was invited to a party at his house, and the good man went, but he felt quite out of his element there. The guests were Mr. Highmind, Mr. Empty-one, Mr. and Mrs. Lofty, Mrs. Dressy and her two daughters, Mrs. Flounce, Mrs. Love-lace, the Misses Flirt, Miss Smooth-tongue, Mr. Simpering, Mr. Sceptical, Mr. Huntwell, and Mr. Foxtail.

Cards, dancing, and song-singing occupied the evening. Before supper, the ministerial guest was asked to "lead the devotions," but, poor man, he felt there was no devotion to lead: he felt that the word of God and prayer

harmonized as little with the occupations of the evening as light and darkness, or fire and water. He had not then the courage to say what he thought, and in reading the scriptures and in prayer he had no freedom or comfort. Whatever amount of enjoyment was experienced that evening, there was one miserable person present, and that was the gentleman who was asked to lead "the devotions" of Mr. Worldling's party. It must, however, in justice to him be stated, that he wrote a faithful letter to Mr. Worldling the next day, but I fear the only effect of it was that he was never after invited to his house.

There were too many, in the town of Profession, who while they did not go all the length of Mr. Worldling, approached him in spirit and practice in different degrees, and while it may be hoped that some of them were not altogether destitute of spiritual life, the evidences of its existence were scarcely perceptible.

CHAPTER XIX.

VISITS TO BEAR-FOR-HIM AND WORK-FOR-HIM.

IN company with Mr. Candour, I paid a visit to the town of Bear-for-Him. He had formerly dwelt there for a considerable time, and was well acquainted with the place, and many of the inhabitants.

First of all he took me to the public Library. "Here," he said, "are kept the records of the transactions of this town, they form several large volumes. Many of the deeds recorded are of great interest; they serve, on the one hand, to shew the malignity of the arch-enemy and his agents, and, on the other hand, to discover the all-sufficiency of the grace of the King, in sustaining and comforting his faithful ones under all their sufferings for the honour of His name. Then he called my attention to an excellent likeness of a worthy one who was unjustly imprisoned for a long period, and who, during his confinement, wrote a sweet story of pilgrimage that has been read with delight and profit by thousands. He then pointed out the portraits of two worthy bishops who, when wrapped in flames at the stake, kindled a torch which has never been extinguished.

In another part of the room, I saw a large painting representing a martyrdom enacted in recent times. Over

the edge of a frightful precipice there was suspended by a rope fastened to his hands, a young man of colour; a man was standing over him, with a hatchet in his hand, to cut the rope, at a given signal. At the bottom of the precipice were the mangled remains of some who had fallen, having chosen rather to suffer a frightful death than to violate their consciences; and near the edge of the precipice were three more victims pinioned, awaiting the same fate as their companions.

In the museum were many objects of interest. One of these was an original letter by a devoted servant* of the King written when in bonds, for His name's sake. The following sentences I was particularly struck with:—"I cannot but speak what I have felt, seeing my Lord hath broken a box of spikenard upon the head of His poor prisoner, and it is hard to hide a sweet smell, it is a pain to smother Christ's love." . . . "The worst things of Christ—His reproaches, His cross are better than Egypt's treasures." . . . The cross of Christ is the sweetest burden that ever I bore, it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or sails to a ship to carry me forward to my harbour." In the museum I also saw various instruments of torture, frightful to look upon, that had been employed in a celebrated Inquisition. There were iron collars for the neck, screws for the thumb, and racks for the entire frame; and all had been used in vain to constrain true servants of the King to abandon His truth—they were "faithful unto death," and have received a crown of life.

Shortly after leaving the museum, we passed by the post-office. "This is kept," said Mr. Candour, "by a

* Rutherford.

widow who was suddenly bereaved, and left with seven children ; her husband's lamp of spiritual life burned with a steady flame, and many walked in the light of it. What a loss she sustained in his removal ! but she is upheld, and comforted, and finds that as her day, so her strength is. Passing another house, a little further on, my companion said :—"Here are living two ladies, one is an invalid, and the other is her cheerful attendant, ministering much to her comfort ; the latter was herself, not long ago, a lady of affluence, with her own waiting maids : her wealth took to itself wings and flew away, but instead of spending her time in despondency, and useless regrets, she cheerfully accepts her altered condition, knowing that her chief treasure is beyond the reach of harm—realizing that Christ is hers, and that she is Christ's, she has learnt how to abound, or to suffer need, and in whatsoever state she is, therewith to be content.

Then Mr. Candour took me to see an afflicted one, who for sixteen years had been confined to her bed, and was often the subject of much bodily pain. She was in humble circumstances in life, but her room was the picture of neatness, and her countenance bore the impress of abiding peace. Her words were few, for her weakness was great, but her testimony to the loving-kindness of God her Saviour was truly refreshing. "Faithful," said my friend, "is He who hath promised." "I have found him so," she replied, "He hath made my bed in my sickness, and in the midst of my thoughts within me, His comforts have refreshed my soul. For sixteen years, and more, I have not been able to be present at an assembly of the saints, but the Master of assemblies

has been with me : He Himself has been my Teacher and Comforter. Painful days and wearisome nights have commonly been my portion, but in Jesus I have sweet rest." Our visit was short, but we did not leave without a few words of prayer and praise. "Thank you," she said, "for coming to see me. Bear-for-Him is a profitable place to live in ; I have dwelt here for a long period, but I am willing to continue here still, if the Lord's will be so. The remembrance of the heavy cross He bore for us may well help us to bear our lighter ones for Him."

Shortly after we left this afflicted one, we passed by a Bank. "One of the clerks employed here," said Mr. Candour, "is the son of a nobleman whom his father has disinherited, because he would not give up his adhesion to the friends of Christ, and join with other members of the family in the pursuit of worldly pleasures. But the smile of his heavenly Father enables him patiently to endure his earthly parent's frown.

"Before we return," said Mr. Candour, "I should like you to see an elderly gentleman, whose weakness confines him to his couch, but who is constantly busy doing good." We soon found ourselves in his room, and it appeared like a place of holy business. One side of his room was fitted up with shelves with small compartments, containing a number of little books or tracts. A light writing frame was placed near his couch, and piles of letters clearly shewed his activity with his pen. In the short time we were with him he gave us some account of various schemes of benevolence in which he felt much interest, some of which he originated ; and it was obvious that his room was a centre from which

many rays of light and love radiated. "If I can do but little myself," he said, "I am sometimes successful in stirring up others to action. My circumstances are favourable to thoughtfulness, and I have a somewhat large circle who claim kindly consideration; to one I can write a word of sympathy, to another a word of counsel, and to a third a word of encouragement: the little messengers, in the pigeon holes yonder, help me out when I am at a loss—I seldom send a letter away without enclosing one, and I have reason to believe that they have often furnished a word in season." As we withdrew, I said to my friend, "It would have been worth while to come all the way to Bear-for-Him to witness this scene alone; I think I shall not forget it, and I hope it will do me good."

Another day Mr. Candour favoured me with his company to the town of Work-for-Him.

We first called upon some of our fellow voyagers, and our meeting was mutually pleasant. One was working in his smithy, his arms had greatly increased in bulk since I saw him on board the Ark-for-us. It was plain that he had plenty of work to do, and a heart to do it. "It wont do," he said, "to let the iron cool, we must strike it while 'tis hot. The stiffest iron, when well furnaced, will yield under pressure, and the stoutest will can be brought to bend when put into God's furnace. May our will be so yielding that a little heat may bend it to the will of Him who is love."

Then we saw the masons at their work. Some were sawing the stones, some were shaping them, and others

were carefully fixing them in their places, with plum-line and rule. In the course of conversation with us, the foreman of the works said: "My employment often furnishes me with suitable matter for reflection. As we are getting in the foundation, I think of *the sure foundation* which God has laid in Zion, and on which His church is built. As the stones are brought in rough from the quarry, I think of the rock whence I was hewn, and the hole of the pit whence I was digged. I think too of the need I had of being cut and shaped under the hands of the infinitely wise one who worketh all in all. As the building progresses, and I see some of the stones placed in the hinder walls, some in the side, and others in the front—every stone in the place for which it is best fitted, and where it will be the most useful—I think, so should it be in the spiritual temple which the great Architect is building for His eternal praise. Every living stone has its fitting place: may each be willing to occupy that place, whether it be more or less prominent,—more public or private. That place is the best, and the most honourable for us individually which the great Architect assigns us."

We next called at a grocer's shop; and it so happened that while we were there, the inspector of weights came in. The shopkeeper greeted him with a smile, and at once, with perfect calmness, placed before him all his weights. The inspector, after duly examining them, said: "There is not a single grain deficient in any of them; I expected it would be so, but you know my office requires me to do as I have done." "Thank you," said the shopkeeper, "love to Him who, when we were

weighed in the balances and found utterly wanting, took our place, obeyed the holy law, bore our sins in His own body on the tree, and satisfied Divine justice—love to Him leads me to do His will, and to love my fellow-men ; to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with my God.”

Just after this, we walked into the busy market-place, where all the requirements of the dinner-table were sold. “Well, Betty,” said my companion to a vendor of potatoes and peas, “where is your old bushel?” “Ah ! Mr. Candour, you know very well that it has had no place on my stall for many a day.” “Well Betty, tell the gentleman here all about it.” “Oh ! Sir,” she said, addressing me, “’tis a very simple matter. Mr. Candour had asked me several times to go and hear his minister preach ; at that time I rarely went to hear any one, but at last I went to hear him ; I can’t remember much of his sermon, but one thing I know, *I went home and burnt my bushel*. Ever since then, I have gone to hear Mr. Candour’s minister, and the more I hear him, the more I like to, for he preaches not himself, but Christ Jesus the Lord—the Saviour of sinners—the Saviour of a dishonest old market-woman, who has often (to my shame I confess it) given short measure and light weight. But I trust that my transgressions are forgiven, and that my heart is changed ; and now, to the praise of my loving Redeemer I would say it, I would no more use my old bushel, if I could (you know ’tis burnt), than I would attempt to steal the King’s crown.”

As I had heard a little about this town some months before, from the captain of the Dove, and remembered especially his saying—that even the sweepers of the

crossings of the streets, and the cleaners of boots and shoes had an air of nobility about them ; I took special notice of them, and found it to be so, and my boots being dusty, I accepted the proposal of one of the shoe-blacks to clean them. He did his work well, and thoroughly earned his penny. I have had my boots cleaned often by diligent and attached servants, but I have never had them cleaned better than by the shoe-black of Work-for-Him, and (it might be my fancy) I thought they looked brighter than they ever looked before. As I walked away, I said to Mr. Candour, "Oh ! that every one on voyage to the better land worked at his calling as that humble operative does. It is evident that he does his work heartily as to the Lord, and not unto men."

Our next call was at a draper's. "To-morrow," said Mr. Candour, "is my wife's birthday, and I think a new dress would be an acceptable present ;" so we went into the shop, and several dresses were presented for choice. One speedily attracted the notice of Mr. Candour, and appeared to please him much. "Do not look farther," said he to the shopman, "this will do quite well : " but as the shopman was measuring out the required quantity, he perceived a flaw in the article. "I fear," said he, "this dress will not suit you, for, see, here is a flaw in it." "Thank you," said Mr. Candour, "it will not do, I must choose another." And accordingly another was chosen. "Here again," said my friend, as we left the shop, "is another instance of the operation of the principles of this town. Many a shopman trading after the course of this world, would most carefully have concealed the flaw, and have boasted over the advantage he had gained of his customer."

"And now," said Mr. Candour, "we will turn our faces homewards, but we will go by way of a large cotton mill that I should like you to notice, as I have something to tell you about its owner. He is one of the most devoted servants of the King that it is my privilege to know. Having acquired what he regards as a sufficiency for himself and his family, he still carries on business, devoting a large amount of energy to it, in the interest of the King. The whole of the profits of his mill (and they are very considerable) he bestows on benevolent objects, always giving the preference to those which aim more immediately at the salvation of souls. He largely helps to sustain several servants of the King who labour at home or abroad in publishing the tidings of mercy. He has established and endowed a free library of pure literature; he has given a field of many acres for the recreation of children; and he has provided twelve comfortable cottages for aged pilgrims, each having a neat flower garden. These are some of his public benefactions, his secret ones probably exceed them in amount. You may be sure that the people in his employ, and they are several hundreds, are well cared for: he pays them good wages, he helps them in sickness, and instructs them personally in the truth. There are many excellent men in Work-for-Him, but he shines brightest among the bright, and withal his goodness is habitually veiled by humility. His proper place of residence would be Advance Land, but the King permits his continuance here for the good of the neighbourhood. No mean crown awaits him in the better country.

CHAPTER XX.

ADVANCE LAND.

IN the seventh month, of the third year after the arrival of the Ark-for-us at Onway Isle, a communication from the King was published importing that it was His will that any voyagers who were desirous of a residence in Advance Land should be taken forward in the Dove, under command of Captain Experience. And special messages were sent to several of the inhabitants of Bear-for-Him that they should go forward at once in that vessel.

Then as many of the voyagers as welcomed the tidings of an opportunity of going forward to Advance Land entered the Dove. Captain Experience was glad to recognize the faces of some who had sailed with him from Veil-over to Onway.

Several friends of the voyagers to Advance Land accompanied them to the ship, and some of them looked with an almost envious eye upon their friends as they saw them about to go forward. One of those about to sail, speaking in the name of his companions, said to them: "Come after us quickly, you are as welcome as we are to an abode in Advance Land: 'press toward the mark for the prize of the high-calling.' We are as weak, and as unworthy as you, and probably it is only because we are somewhat more sensible of our weakness than

you are of yours that we go forward on our way before you. Self-hope and self-trust have hindered us much in the past, and still are we in danger of being injured by them; but we have learnt to watch and to pray against self-dependence, and to aim habitually to be strong in the strength of the King, to be rich in His wealth, to be gracious in His grace, and to find our completeness in Him. What we have learnt aright, the Spirit of the King hath taught us—here a little, and there a little; in this school, and in that. But we are learners still, and would be to the end. If we are going forward sooner than you, the reason probably is, that we have sat on a lower form than you in the school of the Great Teacher, and we have more effectually learnt some deeply humbling lessons. He will teach you too, as you are able to bear it, and will bring you forward, as you are prepared to go. We part from you in the assured hope that we shall meet you again; this side of the haven of rest it may be, but if not, then in the bright land beyond we shall meet to part no more.

‘Yes, we part, but not for ever—
Joyful hopes our bosoms swell;
They who love the Saviour, never
Know a long, a last farewell.
Blissful unions
Lie beyond this parting vale!’”

Then they embraced, and parted: and boats conveyed the dwellers in Onway to the shore. The anchor of the Dove was drawn up, she spread her wings to the wind, and every minute widened the distance between her and the Isle. As she receded from view, most of the voyagers were on deck, but I did not see a look of sadness or

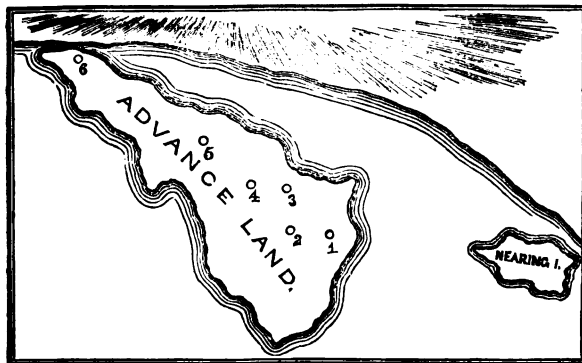
regret on the countenance of one : all bore an aspect of satisfaction and thankfulness.

Among the voyagers were Mr. and Mrs. Goodheed, Mr. and Mrs. Wakeful, Mr. Trustworthy, Titus Watchful, Oliver Goodage, Mr. Modest, Anna Single-one, Sarah Prize-good, and Jane Gladsome. It is not needful for me at present to mention the names of any others, but I may say that they numbered in all one hundred and fifty-one. A more pleasant company of voyagers could not well be met with, they were so courteous, and mutually accommodating; in honour they preferred one another, and each appeared to esteem his companion better than himself.

When they had been five days at sea, and had enjoyed much happy communion with each other, they agreed to ask the Captain to give them some particulars about Advance Land. He readily consented, and proposed meeting them for the purpose in the after part of the day. So after they had partaken of their evening meal, at which they sipped a refreshing infusion from a fragrant plant, the captain, still keeping his seat (which however was raised a little above the rest, so that all could see and hear him), said :—" My dear companions and friends, I must at once ask you to be very moderate in your expectations of intelligence about the land we are now bound for, as I have not dwelt there myself for any length of time. I have indeed seen a little of it, and conversed with some of the residents there, and particularly with a gentleman, somewhat advanced in life, of the name of Godliman, and some of the information I shall give you, I have derived from him.

Advance Land is an island of considerable extent. It

is peculiarly shaped and situated. It is much broader at one end than the other. The broader end is separated from the Haven of rest by a channel of considerable breadth, but the narrow end of the island approaches close to the borders of the celestial land and is separated from it only by a very narrow strait that is exceeded in breadth by many a river, and at times the waters here are very low, so that some have passed over without being much wetted by the stream. Yet those who are standing on the shore and witnessing the passing over of their companions, can see but little of the country on the other side of the stream, for a filmy veil is always on the shore, as if to intimate that the brightness and glories beyond are too great to be seen by any but those who are admitted to dwell there. I have here a chart that will enable you at once to form a correct idea of the shape of the Island, and its situation with regard to the better land.



- | | | |
|----------------|--------------|--------------|
| 1 Maturity. | 3 Prospect. | 5 Communion. |
| 2 Trustingham. | 4 Lovingham. | 6 Seclusion. |

It is on the broader part of Advance Land, where the distance to the celestial country is considerable, that the inhabitants mostly live. There is only one large town on this island, but there are several beautiful villages. The town, which is named Maturity, lies near the harbour at which we first arrive. Not far from Maturity is the peaceful village of Trustingham; a few miles beyond, near the coast, is a hamlet called Prospect; and to the left of it is Lovingham. The surface of the island is much diversified, there are hills and vales, plains, and undulating ground. Some of the hills rise to a considerable height, as that, for instance, on which Prospect stands. The valleys are very beautiful, particularly one, called Lowliness; a peaceful stream runs through it, and the groves in the neighbourhood abound with sweet warblers. Then too there are the open fields of Bright-hope, and the breezy downs of Expectancy; the air on these downs is very exhilarating; it quickens the pulse, and makes the heart of the susceptible to leap for joy. The air of Advance Land is in general remarkably salubrious, and at times it is favoured with zephyrs from the bright land beyond; these are greatly prized by the dwellers on the Isle who feel when they enjoy them as if they were fanned with the very air of Beulah.

"I have but little more to add, but I observe that what I have told you of this land has caused your eyes to glisten. But let me remind you that Advance Land is not the rest and inheritance that the King has in store for you. Evil is there, as it is everywhere outside the blissful country. Dangers are there, enemies are there—

"Foes are round us, though we stand
On the borders of our land."

It is not a place in which we may indulge in slumber, or relax in watchfulness. There are false men even in this good land; how they came there I know not, but the arch-enemy of the King is one of great craft and subtlety, and he sends his agents to every place where the King's good work is going forward. He is ever striving to do all the mischief he can; he goes about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour; and those whom he cannot devour he will distress and worry. Be vigilant then, even in Advance Land. 'Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.' 'He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved.'"

When Captain Experience had concluded, Mr. Trustworthy said:—"I rise in the name of my fellow voyagers to thank the captain for the graphic account he has given of Advance Land, and also to express our gratitude for his faithful admonitions, and by which I hope we shall all profit. As I am on my feet, I should like to say a few words to my fellow voyagers:—There is one enemy we have often suffered from, and which now especially is likely to injure us, if we are off our guard, I mean that old enemy PRIDE. Here we are a little in advance of our friends in Onway, but oh! let us remember, that though beyond them in profession, we shall be behind them in grace, if we relax. We have learnt something, but if we trust to any knowledge that we have acquired, or to any past or present experience, we shall greatly err, and assuredly decline. We are bound for Advance Land, our position calls for especial care and watchfulness. Let us constantly remember that we have nothing but what we have received. Let us also remember that everything

we do is more or less stained by that which is so vile that nothing but the blood of the King's Son can wash it away. If anything should distinguish us from other voyagers, methinks it should be the depth of our humility towards the King, and the tenderness of our compassion towards our fellow men. I feel that I greatly need such considerations as I have now presented: if they are suitable to any of you, they are still more applicable to myself. Brethren, let us crave much of true lowliness of mind: let us be habitually clothed with humility, and let us pray one for another."

Then they spent a few minutes in silent prayer, after which they sang:—

"Lord, if Thou Thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall, as my Master, be
Clothed with humility.

Unsustained by Thee I fall,
Send the strength for which I call,
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.

All my hopes on Thee depend,
Love me, save me to the end;
Still preserve me by Thy grace,
Take the everlasting praise."

CHAPTER XXI.

ASSAULT AND TEMPTATION.

WHEN about half the voyage from Onway to Advance Land was accomplished, the captain assembled the voyagers and said :—"I think it right to acquaint you that we are approaching a part of the voyage which will require special watchfulness. Not far ahead are two islands very near to each other, and our course lies between them. Here the enemy puts forth his utmost venom to voyagers. He has erected forts on points of these islands opposite to each other, and as any vessel of the Ark-for-us is passing, he sends forth from these forts, which bear the names of Assault and Temptation, a shower of fiery darts. It will be needful for you to be on deck, that you may have some experience of the way, and that your skill in the use of your armour may be put to the proof. It will be obvious to you that you will be called chiefly to the use of the shield. For ability to use it aright, be much in prayer. Should you fail to use your shield properly, I do not fear that you will be slain, but you may be greatly injured and distressed. To-morrow, about this time, we shall be passing through the strait, and it is a *strait*, even when the sea is in a favourable

condition; but, at times, when the weather is foul, and the wind is blowing from an adverse quarter, it is a fearful place to pass. In Advance Land, I met with some persons who said that they should never forget what they had experienced in passing through the strait; and one or two of them had not come through it entirely unharmed, for I saw on them the scars of wounds made by the fiery darts which had pierced them. I tell you these things not to alarm, but to warn you. And you know that 'to be fore-warned is to be fore-armed.'"

Then the voyagers betook themselves each to his private cabin, and wrestled in prayer for help and safety: some continuing for a longer, and some for a shorter time. They exercised themselves also in the use of their shield.

The next morning they appeared fully armed, with helmet, breastplate, shield, and sword. About an hour after noon, the islands which formed the strait were distinctly to be seen. For two hours, they advanced slowly towards them; the clouds lowered, and the atmosphere was murky. "We shall be favoured," said the captain, "with the absence of wind, but now be vigilant, for we are close upon the strait, and while the enemy will shew his utmost malignity as we pass the forts, he scatters his emissaries all along the coast, and the instruments they employ send the darts with much force to a great distance. Do not imagine you are secure when no enemy is visible; they lie in ambush, and hide behind projections of the rocks."

Very soon it became evident that no needless caution had been given, for, ever and anon, the darts were seen flying from the opposite shores. Many of them indeed

fell short of the vessel, and were quenched in the sea, but now and then they fell among the voyagers, and rattled on their shields. All, however, were not alike skilful in the use of their armour, and it was obvious that some of them were wounded, for their countenances shewed distress, and, then too, they were fast approaching the forts.

At this juncture, the captain caused a trumpet to be blown, which arrested the attention of all. He said he had received an intimation from the King that the greater part of those who were on deck had sufficiently proved the peril of this way, and that they were at liberty to go below, and to receive at once such succour and refreshment as they needed, but others, he said, must experience more of the severity of the assault. The greater part of the voyagers then went below deck, and it was plain that many of them were ill-prepared to sustain a longer conflict, for they were discouraged, and faint. Those who remained above were men marked for special work and service, and they were tried to the utmost. The forts were thickly garrisoned, and the arch-enemy directed the assault. The darts were hurled with great force, and came thick and fast, as a shower of hailstones. Some of the voyagers quickly fell, severely wounded; others were more or less injured; scarcely one came out unscathed. It was a tempest of malice indeed that they passed through, and the anguish of many of them during the conflict was great; not a few thought that they should surely perish, and never see the goodly land. Others, when hard pressed and wounded, took heart, and said:—"Rejoice not against me, O thou enemy,

though I fall I shall rise." One Mr. Valiant distinguished himself much in the use of his shield ; he not only defended himself, but he greatly helped others, he picked up the shields that fell from their hands, and set his companions on their feet again. I often heard Mr. Valiant repeating the words of the King, " I am thy shield," and then as if in response he would say, " I will trust, and not be afraid."

At length, the most trying part of the strait was passed ; the darts, though they continued to be cast, mostly fell short of the vessel. Soon the ship came to the end of the strait, and was in the open sea again. Then once more the voyagers breathed freely, the wounded were placed under the care of the Physician, and it was soon evident that though some of them were much injured, and thought themselves to be dying, yet not one of them was mortally wounded ; for the skill of the Physician was great, and the remedies he employed were of unfailing efficacy. Some of the wounded ones continued in distress for days, but all gradually regained their health and spirits, and eventually were able to rejoice in the assurance that the love of the King would not fail, but that He would bring them through every difficulty, and bring them to their home in safety. One and another were able to take up the language of an ancient voyager and to say :—" I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers ; nor things present, nor things to come ; nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Nothing occurred, after this, requiring particular notice, till the voyagers arrived at Advance Land, the harbour of which they entered without salute or ceremony.

The approach of the Dove had been observed by a Mr. Veteran who lived close by the sea. He, and his two sons, had often before assisted in bringing voyagers to land in his boat named Welcome.

Gradually, without haste or confusion, the voyagers reached the shore in the ship's boats, and the boat of Mr. Veteran. Following some directions which he gave them, they soon found suitable lodgings in a village adjoining the harbour. Here they tarried for a few days, till they ascertained what particular part of the Island would suit them best.

Many settled in the town of Maturity, and continued to live there for years; following their various callings, and serving their generation according to the will of the King. Some went forward to the village called Prospect. Those who came from Bear-for-Him, and a few others, went on at once to Seclusion, a little village close by the narrow channel between the island and the Better Land. This village was resorted to by those whose natural strength failed, and who had received some intimation that they may soon be called into the presence of the King, in that land where the inhabitants never say they are sick. Among those who went forward to Seclusion were Oliver Goodage, Mr. Trust-worthy, and Jane Single-one.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodheed, Mr. and Mrs. Wakeful, Titus Watchful and Mr. Modest were among those who took up their abode in Maturity. Mr. Brightman, his wife,

and two daughters, Ruth and Phebe, took a house on the sunny side of Prospect, and Jane Gladsome went to live with them in the capacity of servant. These places were not far distant from each other, the roads were good, and suitable conveyances were easy to obtain.

Captain Experience had furnished Mr. Goodheed with a letter of introduction to his friend Mr. Godliman who lived in the town of Maturity, and a close intimacy was soon formed between them.

Mr. Godliman was an intelligent, and indeed a learned man, but he made no shew of his learning. He did not however hoard his intellectual treasure, but was ever ready to communicate to enquiring minds. He was a great favourite with young men of studious habits, for they always found a healthy stimulus in his society, and he had generally an encouraging word for them. True science and godliness he held to be perfectly harmonious; he never feared that the book of nature, properly read, would be found incongruous with the written word, when rightly understood. Apparent discrepancies he always attributed to the imperfection of human knowledge, and our limited capacity. He trusted where he could not trace, and adored when he could not understand. He was of an affectionate disposition, and children were particularly fond of him. His sanctity shewed itself not in austerity and gloom, but in happy fellowship with God, in holy love, and practical benevolence.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE TOWN OF MATURITY.

SHORTLY after Mr. Goodheed was settled in Maturity, Mr. Godliman invited him, his wife, and a few other of the voyagers to spend an evening with him.

The refreshing meal was enlivened by animated conversation on a variety of topics. When the repast was finished, the guests formed themselves into a large semicircle round the hearth. "I am sure," said Mr. Godliman, "that we must all have noticed the admonition given in the name of our King by one of the ancient ones—'Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing, and making melody in your heart to the Lord.' And truly the exercise of praise is one of the most delightful in which we can be employed—

"Tis pleasant to sing
The sweet praise of our King,
As here in the valley we move;
'Twill be pleasanter still
When we stand on the hill,
And give thanks to our Saviour above."

Let us prove the sweetness now of making melody in our hearts :"—

"May He, by whose kind care we meet,
Send His good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love."

"Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When christians meet together thus;
We only wish to speak of Him
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

"Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore,
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no more."

When the hymn was sung, they knelt in prayer, Mr. Godliman leading the desires of his visitors. They drew near to the Fount of all blessing, and enjoyed fellowship with the Father, and the Son; the Holy Spirit helping their infirmities.

When they rose, they smiled one on the other, and felt that they were indeed children of one family, and on their way to the same home.

Then said Mr. Godliman, "I shall be pleased if you will favour me with some account of your voyage from Onway."

"At some future time," said Mr. Goodheed, "I shall be happy to do so, but the experience of some of us as we were passing through the strait between Assault and Temptation was so distressing, that the recital of it would be painful to us at present, and we are all anxious to hear from yourself some account of our newly adopted country, and to receive any hints that might help us during our residence in it."

"Your pleasure shall be mine," said Mr. Godliman: "Is there any particular part of the country that you would wish more especially to hear about?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Wakeful, "perhaps you will kindly begin at the town where we are."

"I will, with pleasure," said their host.

"You have for yourselves already formed some idea of it. It is not, as you are aware, very populous, but it is somewhat extended in its range. Its principal districts are Humility, Purity, Gratitude, and Charity. The town is under the government of a mayor and corporation. Our present mayor is an elderly gentleman named Wisdom; the senior aldermen are Truth, Diligence, and Goodness; and the common counsellors are various respectable inhabitants who have distinguished themselves by their full acquaintance with the statutes of the King, and their practical benevolence. They are more remarkable for well-doing, than for much-talking.

"The health of the town is well looked to. The system of drainage is excellent. The water-works are of the most efficient kind: the reservoir is constantly filled by copious streams from a range of hills that bears the name of Everlasting. By this means, every house in the town can have an unlimited supply. Even in the driest season, no inhabitant of the place need say, "My tongue faileth for thirst." There is also a public granary here, and the time has never been known when its stores have been deficient.

"The mint also deserves notice; the coin is produced from unalloyed metal from the King's mine, and every coin issued bears His own impress.

"There is no prison nor police in this town, for the inhabitants are under the rule of love, and pay a strict regard to each other's rights and liberties. If any disputes arise they are settled without cost, by public arbitrators, distinguished for their equity and love of peace.

“There are asylums here, and hospitals; there are Dorcas societies, and clothing clubs: for the poor we have always with us,—the King hath judged it well that it should be so, and probably, among other reasons, to afford opportunity for the exercise of sympathy, and beneficence.

“There are colleges of learning here, reading-rooms, and excellent free libraries. None of the people of this town who dwell here with the Sovereign’s sanction are novices, they are all somewhat experienced in a knowledge of themselves, and of the King. They also love His laws, they hold habitual communion with Him, and they bear His image. This however is remarkable in them, that they can see more of the King’s image in others than in themselves.

“There is a constant communication kept up between Advance Land and Onway Isle, and the postal regulations are excellent.

“The walks in the neighbourhood are very beautiful, some of the more elevated parts command a good sea view, and in very clear weather faint glimpses may be obtained of the celestial country.

“Thus much of the town and of the people in general. Let me now tell you something about its four districts. And first of *Humility*. You may walk throughout this district, and not find a single street bearing any such name as Haughtiness, Ostentation, Display, or Vain Glory: but you will find Lowly Place here, and the dwellings of Meekness. There are many pleasant walks in this district, and a charming vale, which I think Captain Experience gave you some account of. Gardens

are to be met with everywhere, and you will not fail to observe that the flowers which abound in them are those that make the least show, but diffuse the sweetest fragrance; the mignonette, the violet, the modest primrose, and the white clove pink appear to be special favourites. The dresses of the ladies are not very distinguishable from those worn in other parts of the town, but you will notice that their chief ornament is a gem of great esteem with the King, and which adds greatly to their beauty. The men are manly in their bearing, not given to use expressions of self-depreciation, yet it is manifest they habitually esteem others better than themselves.

"The district named *Purity* has the finest air, and limpid streams flow through the streets, which are remarkably clean; the rule being for each to keep his own door-way clean; and he does it. Those who walk in white need not fear that their garments will be soiled: nor need they fear that their ears will be vexed with impure words. No dwelling for the harlot is found here, no sty of uncleanness could be discovered. The women are distinguished for modest apparel, and retiring manners. In this district young men and maidens walk together, and converse in terms that an angel might listen to. Here wedlock is truly a holy estate, and all, whether married or single, watch and pray against "filthiness of the flesh and spirit, and aim to advance in holiness, in the fear of God."

"The district bearing the name of *Gratitude* has charms peculiar to itself. The voice of thanksgiving and praise is commonly heard in it. The suffering talk not so much of their pains as of their pleasures; they dwell

more on their comforts than on their crosses. I one day met with an elderly gentleman living in one of the cottages in a neat row bearing the name of Grateful Place. He told me that when he was formerly at Onway, he lived in a large parish called Thankless, in Grumbling Row, adjoining Murmuring Square; and that he found it a miserable place to dwell in. 'At that time,' he said, 'I wore coloured spectacles that threw a dark shade over everything, and there was little need of doing so, for the place itself was gloomy enough; the air was heavy, fogs were frequent, and complaints of all kinds abounded. I quitted Thankless parish before I left Onway, but when I first came to live here I scarcely knew myself, I was not like the same man: my days were far brighter, and my nights were comfortable. I have long since abandoned my coloured spectacles, and I now wear a pair presented to me by the King, and by them I see things in an altogether different light. I have written to some of my old neighbours who are still living in Grumbling Row, advising them to quit it at once, and to come and live here. I have told them how bracing the air is, what excellent water we have, how much we are favoured with sunshine, and what a spirit of gladness pervades the neighbourhood.' As I parted from the old gentleman, he asked me to join with him in prayer that the King in His grace may render the invitation to his old neighbours effectual, and that he would constrain them to change their abode.

"I have yet," continued Mr. Godliman, "to say a word or two about the fourth district, named *Charity*. To speak the truth, I am of opinion that this district is

the very cream of the town. The soil on which it stands is sacred, as it was traversed, every inch of it, by the King's Son, who went about doing good. The air is filled with a sweetness that is only feebly typified by the fragrance from fields of new made hay. The streams of peace and gentleness flow through it. Trees, affording refreshing shade, and delicious fruit abound. In this district are found all those institutions of mercy that I named just now. 'God is Love,' is the motto of them all. The Spirit of the King's Son dwells here. He presides in all counsels, suggests every beneficent scheme, and animates and sustains in every compassionate enterprise. Goodwill, Kindness, and Peace always attend Him. Malice, Envy, and Strife flee from His presence. The aim of all who dwell in this district is to be good, and to do good: none succeed as they desire, the most successful deeply lament their shortcomings, but they rejoice as they think of the state of perfect love they will enter upon by and by. The families of this district afford a better type of the family that dwells above, than can anywhere else be found. The influence of this neighbourhood is felt throughout the land, and indeed in all lands. It is a good place to dwell in, the King Himself takes a special delight in it, and here the reflection of His glory is more distinctly to be seen than in any other place this side of the better land.

"I hope I have not wearied you," said Mr. Godliman, as he concluded his account of the town in which his guests had just taken up their abode.

"No indeed," said they all, "we have been greatly interested, and feel that we are highly favoured in being permitted to live in such a town."

"It is indeed a favour," said Mr. Godliman, "but it is a reign of grace under which we live."

"Is there not," said Mr. Wakeful, "a park within a short distance of the town, open to the use of residents, with a remarkable avenue between some fine ancient trees?"

"There is," said Mr. Godliman, "It belongs to a gentleman who lives in our town, in the district of Charity; he has a country house in the park, which he keeps always open for the free use of any servants of the King who need rest and refreshment. His hospitality is celebrated. He is frequently there himself, but in his absence he is well represented, and society is always to be found there, most agreeable and profitable."

"Have you ever visited," asked Mr. Wakeful, "the little village that I think Captain Experience told us is called Seclusion?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Godliman, "I have been there occasionally on short visits to various friends, and I know a little about it. There is a peculiarity in this village, indeed I know no spot like it. There is an air of peaceful solemnity in it, for the dwellers there are in near proximity to the better land, and expect to reach it before long. The people of this village have for the most part an appearance of delicacy, even those whom you meet walking in the street. Many of its inhabitants are in the evening of life: their wrinkled features, and faltering steps indicate that the powers of nature are failing. But there are persons of various ages to be found in this village. Their habits are diverse, some of them like to walk on the sea shore, and to look often towards the

narrow channel which they will soon have to cross. Others keep as far from the channel as they can; they have long thought of it as something peculiarly terrible, and have lived under the shadow of the fear of it many days. It is not that they have any doubt that it will be well with them when they have crossed over, but the thought of crossing the stream harasses them.

"It is indeed true that some of the approaches to the stream are peculiarly painful; sharp thorns tear the flesh, and cause sighs and groans; and separation from loved ones, though but for a season, causes sorrow of heart. Yet the nearness of eternal joy is enough to brighten the darkest pathway, and the assurance of the presence of the all-sufficient One, should suffice to quell every fear of passing through the stream.

"I have been present," said Mr. Godliman, "when some have been in the act of crossing, and have observed that their experience varied considerably. Some of the choicest and best of voyagers have passed through the stream in twilight, and some even in darkness: yet though they had not light enough to see the King's Son, He was very near them, and His arms bore them through. The most however pass through in day-light, and some with the sun shining brightly upon them. These differences are regulated by the good pleasure of the King. It is comparatively a little matter as to the circumstances under which we cross from the shore of time to eternity. Every true voyager crosses safely; and if the passage through which we go to the world beyond is sometimes a dark one, it is always short, and it issues in a brightness and glory that swallow up all thought of the gloom and darkness left behind.

"Let us not be anxious as to the time when, or the manner in which, we shall be called to pass through the stream (for we *shall* have to pass through it, if the King's Son should delay His special coming, when in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, His precious ones shall be changed, and mortality shall be swallowed up of life). Surely it should suffice us to know that the sting of our last enemy is extracted—that the substance of that which is terrible is gone, and only the shadow of it remains. We are assured on the authority of the King's Son that we shall not die. He hath said, 'Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.' Our earthly dwelling will be dissolved, but the spirit shall not die, no, not for an instant! One moment, at the last, it is in the body, borne down and enfeebled in its expression, or, it may be, entirely silent through the pressure upon the frame that confines it; but the next moment it is enlarged, and, like a bird escaped from its cage, it soars away to joys immeasurable and everlasting.

"Life is before us, not death: glory is before us, not the grave. The casket indeed may be put beneath the ground, but the jewel shall be taken in safety to the King's treasure-house, and will shine for ever in the land of brightness. The tenement may crumble to dust, but the inhabitant shall live where decay is never known, where strength will never decline, and where beauty will never fade."

"I think you are aware," said Mr. Wakeful, "that two or three of our companions who came with us in the Dove, are already gone forward to Seclusion?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Godliman, "Mr. Goodheed informed me that Oliver Goodage and Jane Single-one are

gone there. Mr. Trustworthy also has taken up his abode there, specially to help and comfort the residents in the village. Miss Single-one has, I understand, been much out of health for some months."

"Yes," replied Mr. Wakeful, "her health was feeble even before she left Veil-over, and she suffered much on her voyage. She may rally for a time, and the quiet of Seclusion may help her, but her continuance with us will not be long; and her chief pleasure is in thinking that the time is near when she shall be called into the presence of the King, and part with all that cleaves to her of her original condition. The thought of passing through the stream has no terror for her. I doubt not that she will often do what you told us some of the people of the village are in the habit of doing."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Godliman.

"I mean, that she will often walk on the sea-shore, and look earnestly and with desire towards the narrow stream and the bright land beyond. Her course as a voyager has been comparatively a short one, but her example has been bright; and some I believe will meet her on the other side of the stream, whom she has been instrumental in bringing there."

"Did you see old Oliver, on his arrival?" asked Mr. Wakeful.

"I did not," replied Mr. Godliman, "and I regret it. He retains a considerable degree of vivacity I believe?"

"He does, and his heart seems on fire with love to the King's Son. His countenance brightens when one name in particular which He bears is mentioned, I mean His name—JESUS: that name is truly as music to his ears,

and his heart dances to it. His voice falters, but you may hear him sing yet, with melody in his heart :—

“There is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth,
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.”

“The faith of old Oliver is distinguished for its simplicity. He trusts, and he has peace : he takes the King at His word, he is assured that His promises are good, and he rejoices in hope of the glory of God.”

“I hope,” said Mr. Godliman, “some day to drive over to Seclusion to see him.”

Thus they sat and talked, and the time passed rapidly away.

“Before you leave,” said Mr. Godliman to his guests, “I must place before you a little fruit, gathered from one of the King’s trees ; I have partaken of it myself, and have proved it to be sweet and refreshing.”

Then the fruit was presented, and all partook of it with enjoyment. Before they separated, they sang :—

“These are the joys He lets us know
In tents, and villages below,
Gives us a relish of His love,
But keeps His noblest feast above.

“In paradise, within the gates,
A nobler entertainment waits,
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feast, and want no more.”

CHAPTER XXIII.

NEWS FROM ONWAY.

WHEN the voyagers had been in Advance Land a few weeks, a post packet arrived, and several of the voyagers received letters from their friends in Onway. Mr. and Mrs. Goodheed received the following from Henry Thoughtful :—

“ Dear and valued Friends,

“ How much I and my beloved Mary have missed you, since you left for Advance Land, I cannot tell, for you have been as a father and mother to us ; and whatever measure of temporal prosperity we may be permitted to enjoy, we feel that under the blessing of the Highest, we shall be chiefly indebted to you for it ; and how much we owe you, as the instruments of higher forms of good, we do not fully know.

“ You will be glad to hear that our school is prospering. We increasingly feel that it is a sphere of influence of great importance, and we hope to be used in blessing to the dear young people committed to our charge. I could easily fill my paper with particulars respecting ourselves and our prospects which I know would be interesting to you, but I forbear as I have other matters of deeper

interest to communicate that I know will rejoice your hearts. The King graciously answered the united cry at the conference at Mr. Wide-heart's, and two vessels of the Ark-for-us arrived here a few days ago, with a large number of persons from our old land, Veil-over. Several of our relations and acquaintances are come, and I am sure it will gladden your hearts to know that your own brother Peter and his wife are among the number. Then too, your next door neighbour, who at your earnest entreaty seemed almost inclined to accompany us, but who to our sorrow, held back, at the last—he has come; yes, Timothy Wavering has decided at last. The King made him willing in the day of his power; I trust his heart is fixed, and that he will continue steadfast to the end. You will believe me as I tell you of my joy when among the newly arrived, I caught sight of my own sister. She had resisted all my entreaties to come out with me, but I have not ceased to pray for her, and now my prayers are turned into praises, for I doubt not, from all she has told me, that she has been turned from darkness to light, and that her heart is set upon beholding the King in His beauty, in the bright land before us.

“Among the newly arrived, there are some come whom, humanly speaking, we had the least expectation of seeing, and in particular the ring-leader of the gang of roughs that tarred and feathered Peter Ardent and James Workwell, and there can be no doubt of the change in him: now he would not hurt a hair of the head of one of the King's little ones, but he would gladly do any of them all the good in his power.

“Some alas! are still cleaving to Veil-over whom we had

some reason to hope would have come in the vessels, which plainly shows that the most hopeful appearances cannot be depended on, when the heart is not truly renewed.

“Your beloved children are well, and send their tender love to you. William is advancing satisfactorily with his studies, and I believe is growing in humility. Mary, I have reason to believe, is following in the track of her ancient namesake; she is a sweet child, and the words of the King’s Son are very precious to her. Both of them often talk of you, and are hoping to come where you are when they are farther advanced in acquaintance with themselves and with the King; they earnestly desire to grow in grace, and in the knowledge and love of Him. Pray for us that we may soon follow you to Advance Land: we are thankful to be at Onway, but we desire to go forward.

“Have any of our companions on the voyage reached the better land? We shall not be surprised to hear Anna Single-one has, for she marked for an early admission. I would gladly add more, but my paper is full. Our united love attends you always.

“Yours very affectionately,

“HENRY and MARY THOUGHTFUL.”

As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Goodheed had read the letter they knelt down together; and hand in hand, with one mind, and one heart they poured forth their praises to the King for the good tidings that had reached them, and especially that He had inclined their brother Peter and his wife to leave Veil-over, and to set their faces earnestly towards the land of light and gladness. The

particulars too respecting their beloved children touched their hearts, and comforted them not a little.

Some days after the evening meeting at Mr. Godliman's house, that gentleman sent word to Mr. Goodheed that he intended to drive over to Seclusion, and would be happy to have his company. Mr. Goodheed, being that day disengaged, assured him that it would give him much pleasure to accompany him. So about two hours before noon they commenced their ride.

The country through which they passed was varied, but beautiful throughout. They passed by the fields of Bright-Hope, and approached the vale of Lowliness. The village of Prospect on the side of the hill looked charming, and they observed two or three persons with telescopes on a hill looking towards the celestial country.

Presently they came to the village of Communion, and there they stopped for a short time, and proved that prayer and provender did not impede their journey. The landlord of the inn was himself a true voyager, and he supplied his visitors with such things only as nourished and refreshed them on their way. Over the mantle-piece in the little parlour these words, from the statute-book of the King, were conspicuously written—"Be not filled with wine, wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit." By desire the worthy landlord joined Mr. Godliman and Mr. Goodheed, and in the course of a pleasant conversation he said:—"Some years ago there lived a good old gentleman in this village; he had lived here nearly all his days, and he loved the place much; he

left it only to go to a better Communion above. Just before he crossed the narrow stream, he said to his children who stood around him, 'You have heard the last sayings of some other men, now listen to the last saying of your Father—'*A life of communion with God, is the happiest life upon earth.*'*

"Most of the dwellers in Advance Land," continued the landlord, "are well acquainted with our village, and they enjoy their visits to it much: if they come in sadness, and with their countenances cloudy, they usually leave it with lightsome hearts and happy faces. The dwellers in this village are distinguished by their resemblance to the King; habitual communion with him transforms them into His image: sometimes they come so near to Him that, when they leave His presence, their faces shine."

"Our friend Mr. Godliman," continued the landlord, "I have often seen here, and I doubt not that you also, Mr. Goodheed, will become familiar with the place."

"I hope so," replied Mr. Goodheed, "the little experience I have had of it makes me long for more—

'Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm, a heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!'

By this time the carriage was at the door, so they took leave of their friendly host, and proceeded on their journey.

As they neared the village of Seclusion, the road was much shaded by trees, then they came to a hill of considerable declivity, and the village lay at the foot of the hill.

* Philip Henry.

As they entered it, Mr. Goodheed was struck with the extreme quietude of the place ; there seemed to be little or no business transacted there. The houses were mostly detached, some of them were obviously the dwellings of the poor, others such as the middle class of society occupy, but a few of them were the mansions of the rich.

When Mr. Godliman had seen his horse stabled at the village inn, he and Mr. Goodheed walked to the house of Mr. Trustworthy, who received them with true cordiality.

"We have come over to-day," said Mr. Godliman, "to see old Oliver, and Anna Single-one, whom we hear are expecting soon to cross the stream.

"Yes," replied Mr. Godliman, "they are, and I am sure a visit will be most acceptable to them ; especially they will be rejoiced to see their old companion on the voyage, our friend Mr. Goodheed, and indeed it does me good to see him, as we had much experience in common during our passage in the fleet."

"The pleasure is quite mutual," said Mr. Goodheed, "and the sight of you carries me back to the time when, in company with your brother ambassadors, you first addressed us in Veil-over. We must not however now prolong our conversation, as we think it best to call as early as possible on the friends we have named, but while we are in the village we should be pleased to call on two or three others, who may be glad to receive a visit."

"I should much like you," said Mr. Trustworthy, "to see two timid ones for whom nothing but brightness is in store, but who, partly through constitutional infirmities,

and partly through defective instruction, and the weakness of their faith, are far from the enjoyment of abiding peace; their names are Susan Misty, and Dubious Cloudy."

"We shall be happy to see them," they replied, "and as our time is limited, we will proceed to our visits: only first let us unite in asking that we may be furnished with a word in season, and that an effectual blessing may attend our communications. Then after kneeling in brief supplication, they went forth with the comfortable assurance that they should enjoy the presence and help of the King.

First they called on Old Oliver, whom they found sitting in an arm-chair in the porch before his house. At the sight of Mr. Goodheed, he rose up, and grasping his hand, said "I have been much desiring to see you;" not in words have I asked for a sight of you again, before I go to join the family above, but He who is good—*good*, without my formally asking, has granted the desire of my heart. Ah! I want to utter my sense of His goodness, but it is unutterable—He is love—He is love! And I love Him. Enough? Oh no! I want a bigger heart to love Him as I would. He is my Saviour, my Father, my Friend. He is with me now, and I hope soon to be with Him. Pardon me, my loved friends, for keeping you standing here. Come in—come in, and let us praise the Lord together, and feast on His love."

So they went in, and they did feast on the love of God. They talked of its freeness, of its fulness, of its constancy, and its tenderness. In that humble cottage they felt that they were in the King's banqueting room, and that His banner over them was love.

Mr. Goodheed had recently met with a few simple verses on the subject of their converse, and he repeated them—

DIVINE LOVE.

What is that theme, on which to dwell
Becomes us needy sinners well?
You that have known its sweetness tell—
 'Tis Jesus' love.

“Yes, *Jesus' love*,” echoed Old Oliver.

What saw us lying in our sin,
Outcast, unholy, and unclean,
Without one spark of grace within?
 All-seeing love.

“*All-seeing love*,” echoed old Oliver.

What drew us from the crowd around,
Brought us to know the gospel sound,
And made free grace to us abound?
 'Twas sovereign love.

“Yes, *sovereign love*,” echoed old Oliver.

What raised us from a death of sin,
Commenced a life Divine within,
And in the fountain washed us clean?
 'Twas love, free love.

“Yes, *free, free love*,” echoed old Oliver.

What snapped the fetters from the soul,
And made guilt's heavy burden roll?
Oh! tell it forth from pole to pole!
 Christ's dying love.

“Yes, *dying love*,” echoed old Oliver.

What ever watches our o'er way,
Supplies our wants from day to day,
And draws us back whene'er we stray?
 His constant love.

“Yes, *constant love*,” echoed old Oliver.

What keeps us in the trying hour,
 Protects us from the tempter's power,
 Surrounds us like the strongest tower?
Almighty love.

"*Almighty love*," echoed old Oliver.

What will the same for e'er abide,
 And ne'er forsake whate'er betide,
 In darkest hour be near our side?
Unchanging love.

"*Unchanging love*," echoed old Oliver.

And what will in the upper skies,
 Unfold its glories to our eyes,
 And fill for ever with surprise?
Eternal love.

"*Eternal love*," echoed old Oliver.

As they rose to leave he said:—"Do come and see me once more, before I go hence to behold the King in His beauty." His friend Mr. Goodheed assured him that they would endeavour to do so. So they bade him farewell.

Their next visit was to Susan Misty. As they were led by her attendant into her room, she was reclining on a sofa. Introducing themselves they said—"Your friend Mr. Trustworthy told us that a visit to you would be acceptable."

"Indeed it is, dear Sirs," she replied, "if you come in the name of the King whom I desire to dwell with for ever."

"It is in His name we come, and we doubt not by His bidding too. He is the God of all comfort, but often He comforts by the instrumentality of His children, and we are happy in the hope that He will employ us to-day."

"Oh!" exclaimed Susan, "that He may make you the instruments of comforting me, for I am much a stranger to comfort; my course is nearly run, and often fear prevails that I shall come short at last."

"But Susan," replied her visitors, "do you think that the love of the King will come short?" Turn off your thoughts from yourself, and dwell upon *His love*. Did He not compassionate us in our darkness, and vileness? Did He not pity us in our rebellion, and to redeem us, did He not give his only begotten Son? Did He not yield Him up as willingly as He yielded up Himself to be our substitute, our guilt-bearer? Did He not in infinite compassion for us bruise Him, and put Him to grief? What a mystery of love is this! But, Susan, this is not all. Did He not send his servants to tell us of His love—to preach free pardon, and full redemption through the blood-shedding of His beloved Son? Did He not incline our ears to hear, and our hearts to believe in this love? Yes, we know, and believe the love that He hath to us. But ah! how little do we know of it, and how faint and flickering is the faith of most of us in it. You know, Susan, something of what you are, you know something of your sinfulness, something of your vileness—Oh dwell upon what *He is*, and what He is *to you*. Think of Him as your Almighty Redeemer, as your compassionate Friend. Come away from the shady side of the street, come into the sun-shine: bask in the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, listen to the voice of the Comforter—'Come,' he says to you, 'bathe in the Fountain, drink of the living waters, eat of the Bread of Life, feast on pardoning mercy, on dying love, on redeeming grace.'

"For one look at the love of the King, perhaps, Susan, you have been taking ten looks at your sinful self?"

"Indeed," replied Susan, "you may well say thrice ten, and more."

"Well, now reverse your practice: for every look at self take thrice ten looks at Christ. And ask the Comforter to help you to see more, and yet more of His love, and never fear that you will see all that is to be seen, for it passeth knowledge."

As they rose to leave, after uniting in prayer, Susan said, "The King hath indeed sent you to me to-day, and I feel assured that His effectual blessing will attend His message by your lips."

They next called on Anna Single-one. It was at once obvious to them that the time was near when she would be called to pass through the stream. But oh! what a picture of peace her countenance presented: there was no rapture, no excitement, but calm repose, sweet tranquillity. She had a deep, settled peace within, and it failed not to shew itself without. "Christ is my peace," she said, "in Him I rest, in Him I am satisfied, He is all my salvation, and all my desire: in Him, all my wants are supplied, He is all in all to me. Through the veil of means and ordinances, I have seen a little of His beauty, and His glory, but soon the veil will be removed, I shall see Him face to face, and shall be like Him"—

"Yes, soon shall the veil be removed,
And around shall His brightness be poured,
I shall see Him whom absent I loved,
Whom not having seen I adored."

"But what of the stream, Anna? asked her visitors,

“what of the stream that you will soon have to pass through?”

“That,” she replied, “gives me no anxious thought, my Lord has passed through it before me, and has taken the chill away, and He has promised to be with me when I pass through it. I may see Him, or I may not see Him at the time; I may feel Him, or I may not feel Him sustaining me in the waters, but He assures me of His presence, and I rely upon His word. He will be with me; this is enough, He will not leave nor forsake me.—And then the brightness beyond!—the purity,—the bliss—the glory beyond!”

“The Lord hath indeed given you the victory,” said her visitors, “yea, he is bringing you off more than a conqueror.”

“He is,” she replied, “I bless his name; ‘O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.’”

Then they united in thanksgiving and praise, and bade her farewell, in the expectation that their next meeting would be in the Celestial land. As they withdrew, Mr. Godliman said to his companion, “Surely we have been in the ante-room of heaven.” “Yes,” he replied, “and if the vestibule is so good what must the habitation be—

“If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be?”

Their next visit was to Dubious Cloudy. He had been a man of much reading and reflection, but he had read more of ordinary writings than of the revelations of the King, and too much had he leaned to his own understanding. Hence his views were indistinct and confused, and he was far from enjoying the full assurance of faith.

Yet it was evident to all who knew him that he was not a citizen of Veil-over, but that his citizenship was above. His love to the King was evident from his love to the King's subjects: his obedience to His commands was exemplary, and nothing was farther from his thoughts than the idea that any thing he did would merit the King's favour, or give him a title to the heavenly inheritance. He received the visit of Mr. Godliman and Mr. Goodheed with thankfulness; he freely opened his mind to them, informed them of some of his difficulties and perplexities, and said that often his hope of entrance into the abode of the redeemed was feeble and beclouded.

They encouraged him to look more directly to the testimony of the King, to pray against unbelief, and to yield himself with child-like simplicity to the teachings of the Comforter. "Dwell much," said they, "upon the love of the King, and the great manifestation of it in the gift and sacrifice of his Son. Leave all other mysteries alone, till your soul is absorbed in the mystery of redeeming love, and your heart glows with gratitude and praise. May the God of hope fill you with joy and peace in believing, that you may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Ghost."

He thanked them heartily for their visit, and expressed a hope that when they again called on him they would find he had benefitted by their counsel.

After this they called on a few needy ones, and supplemented their words of sympathy and consolation with deeds of kindness and liberality.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE HEAVENLY HOME.

ACCORDING to arrangement, Mr. Godliman and Mr. Goodheed returned after their visits to the house of Mr. Trustworthy, to partake of refreshments before their journey home; and he had invited a few friends to meet them.

The conversation turned upon the land of brightness beyond the stream, and the happiness to be there enjoyed.

"I have observed," said Mr. Trustworthy, "that some *one* particular thought, respecting the future state of blessedness, is predominant in the minds of most persons. Some dwell upon it with great pleasure as a state of rest, others as one of happy service, some as a sphere of exalted praise, others dwell with special delight upon it as a state of entire freedom from sin. But there is one view of it that affords joy alike to all—namely, that there they shall dwell in the presence of the King, and behold His glory, and feast for ever on His love. Perhaps Mr. Godliman will kindly tell us what view of the heavenly state affords him the greatest pleasure."

Mr. Godliman said:—"Apart from that consideration to which Mr. Trustworthy has alluded as being common

to all true heirs of the heavenly inheritance, namely that of being for ever with the Lord—our King and Saviour, the view that affords me most joy is, that we shall be pure and holy. Not one thought of our minds, not one affection of our hearts will be out of harmony with the spirit of our Redeemer. No vain imaginations, no unholy desires will distress us any more. We shall be like Him, in whose presence we shall then dwell: His image will be reflected in us. This thought gladdens me—that He will be glorified in us. Himself glorious, beyond our highest conception, we shall be images—living, loving images of Him: something of His beauty and excellence will be seen in us; He, the glorious Sun, will be reflected by ten thousand times ten thousand living mirrors. He will be glorified in His saints, and admired in all them that believe.”

“The view of the celestial state,” said Mr. Trustworthy, “of which our brother has been speaking, is indeed a precious one, and it cannot fail to rejoice every renewed heart; and surely the lively hope of dwelling for ever in a state of perfect holiness, must exert a purifying, hallowing influence upon the heart and life, during the present state. And now I think Mr. Goodheed will favour us with the view of our future condition that affords him peculiar pleasure.”

“I am rather at a loss,” said Mr. Goodheed, “to know what view of the higher state affords me most pleasure, but probably it is this—that *it is a home of perfect love*. There will be no frowning faces there, no family discord, no unkind words; no envy, no malice, no jealousy there. We shall always breathe the atmos-

phere, and enjoy the bliss of love. Ah ! when we dwell there, how shall we be ashamed of those petty barriers that now so often keep the children of the family asunder. Then shall we realize that we are all brethren, children of one Father, and shall love one another with a pure heart fervently."

Mr. Trustworthy said :—" Let us seek during our stay here to breathe as much of the atmosphere of which our brother has spoken as we can. May we be rooted and grounded in love, that we may bear the fruits of goodness and charity to the comfort and profit of all around. I think our friend Love-light will now kindly favour us with his view of the celestial state."

"I often think," said Mr. Love-light, "how little is the knowledge we at present possess—how imperfect is our acquaintance with the few subjects that we are most familiar with—how narrow is our range of intelligence, and how entirely ignorant we are of many things. I often think with delight of the vast fields of knowledge that will be opened up to us hereafter, and then we shall have ample time to traverse them, our explorations will never be interrupted. Age after age we shall soar over the wide expanse, and to our joy it will only widen as we proceed. And then, too, every new discovery, every fresh acquisition of truth will only the more unfold to us the wisdom, the goodness, and grace of our King. Not all at once, but—

"There shall we see, and hear, and know,
All we desired, and wished below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy."

When Mr. Lovelight had finished speaking, Mr. Gladstone took up the thread of the conversation, and said :—
“The last words of the verse our brother has just quoted “*eternal world of joy*,” exactly express my predominant thought of the bright land. It is a world of joy. Now we are in a land of trial and sorrow, but no sorrow will be there—no pain of body, no anguish of mind. There the pang of parting will never be known, there the mourners will never walk the streets, and the eye will never be dimmed with tears. Not only will there be the absence of sorrow, there will be the presence of joy—pure, unfailing joy—pleasures for evermore !

“There will be *the joy of gratitude*. Oh ! what a sense shall we then have of our obligations to the King—for the gift of His Son, for redeeming love, for pardoning mercy, for sanctifying grace. Then shall we comprehend as we cannot now do, the ruin we are saved from, and the blessedness we are raised to. Then shall we see that all the way by which we were led, was the right way. Then the daily and hourly mercies we received in our wilderness course will come up to our remembrance. Then, far more than we can now, we shall see of the loving-kindness of our best Friend, in all His methods of teaching, and training, and guiding us. Some of our happiest hours now are our *grateful hours*, when we feel constrained to call upon our souls, and all that is within us to bless and praise the name of our King. What then will be the joy of gratitude above ! The choral song of praise will be ever new and welcome—
“Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins, in his own blood, be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen.”

"Then, too, there will be the *joy of friendship and communion*. Do you suppose we shall not have our special friends, and companions in heaven? I believe we shall. Surely our purest pleasures here are types of joys to come. They are very imperfect types I grant, yet I believe they are faint shadows of the bliss in store for us. Those are some of our sweetest moments now which are spent in spiritual communion. Have we not, when conversing of the glory and grace of our Saviour, enjoyed the inexpressible sweets of holy friendship and heart fellowship? Oh! then, what friendship and communion of soul shall we enjoy above!

"Then there will be *the joy of perpetuity*. Now we have seasons of enjoyment and delight, but they are transient. Now we strike our harps with joyful strain, but to-morrow we may have to hang them on the willows. Now we sing a song of triumph, but anon we shall have to buckle on the armour, and to face the foe. Now we sip the cup of gladness, but the cup of sorrow is near. Nothing answering to this will mar the bliss of heaven. To-day we shall be happy, and to-morrow, and every day, all the year through, and year after year, and age after age; and yet as ages roll, our capacity for bliss will only expand, and resources to meet it will as surely unfold. The treasures of joy will never be exhausted, the rivers of delight will flow for ever and ever."

"Surely, dear friends," said Mr. Trustworthy, "we have entered upon a theme that widens as we discuss it. Well may we exclaim: How great is the goodness which is laid up in store for us—Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be

called the sons of God;' and if we are sons then are we heirs, heirs to an inheritance 'incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.' "

Then they joined in singing—

"To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy,
There peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.
How bright the prospect is,
It cheers the pilgrim's breast,
We're journeying through the wilderness,
But soon shall gain our rest.
Hallelujah.
We are on our way to God."

Before they separated they spent a few minutes in silent prayer, and Mr. Trustworthy closed by a hearty utterance of an inspired ascription of praise—"Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy,—To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory, and majesty, dominion and power, both now and for ever. Amen."

An advanced hour of the evening had come before Mr. Godliman and Mr. Goodheed commenced their return journey, but the air was mild, and the moon (fair image of the church, reflecting the Sun of Righteousness) was shining brightly, so that they were rather refreshed than wearied with their ride home.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE HAVEN REACHED.

ABOUT ten days after the visit of Mr. Godliman and Mr. Goodheed to the village of Seclusion, the latter received the following letter from Mr. Trustworthy.

“My dear Friend,

“Our beloved sister Anna Single-one has crossed the stream. I was with her at the time : the water was in its calmest state, and all attending circumstances were pleasant. It was in the early evening that she passed over, the setting sun lit up the autumnal tints of the trees, and the happy warblers of the grove were softly singing their evening songs. Our sister went gently into the water. “My Lord is with me,” she said, “I feel him near. I am not about to die—I am about to live ; when my eyes are closed to all around, when you hear my voice no more, when the last link that binds me to my earthly tenement is snapped, then I shall be living indeed—living gloriously, within the veil. A few short moments, and my feet shall tread the shores of the bright land ! I shall be hidden from your view, and you perhaps will weep, because you can see me no more ; but my joy will be full. All that now cleaves to me of weakness, pain, and sin will be left

behind; I shall be borne on angels' wings to the mount of joy, to the city of beauty and glory, to my Father's house, to my Saviour's breast, and so shall I ever be with the Lord. Farewell, my loved ones, farewell;—we shall meet again and never say farewell!"

"Then deeper, and deeper she entered the stream, yet did not the waters overflow her, but a bright film gathered around her; and we saw her no more.

"Her dear presence we miss, and our loss we mourn, but on her account we rejoice and give thanks. All her hopes are realized, all her anticipations of blessedness are exceeded—

'Her faith is changed to sight,
Her hope to full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.'

"Oliver Goodage greatly enjoyed your visit; he is still able to get out a little. He is looking with longing eyes towards the stream which our beloved sister has just crossed. If you and Mr. Godliman could be near him when he crosses, it would afford him much satisfaction. When we have an intimation that his turn to pass through the stream is close at hand, we will let you know, and I doubt not that you will come if you can.

"In the bonds of that love that faileth not,

I am, my dear Friend,

Yours sincerely,

W. TRUSTWORTHY."

About six weeks after the date of this letter, a brief note reached Mr. Goodheed informing him that the King had sent to old Oliver an intimation that he should come speedily into His presence. Mr. Goodheed, on the receipt

of the note, hastened to Mr. Godliman, and they were soon on their journey to Seclusion.

The summer was now passed, the trees were stripped of their leaves, and some of the distant hills shewed traces of snow.

Immediately upon reaching Seclusion, after they had thoroughly warmed themselves, they went to old Oliver's chamber. The winter's sun shone brightly into it, and the Sun of Righteousness was shining, with no cloud between, upon the venerable saint. As Mr. Goodheed approached his couch, Oliver clasped his extended hand, and said :—"At eventide it is light—*it is light*. I am rejoiced to see you and your dear friend once more ;" and with that he extended his hand to Mr. Godliman. "I love you," he said, "for your likeness to the King, but you will be much more like Him soon. And how soon I shall see Him, and be like Him ! This thought warms my poor old heart that will soon cease to beat : but I shall have a better heart that will never cease to throb at the name of Jesus. Sweet name ! its fragrance perfumes my chamber ; sweet name ! its music wakes me in the morning, and lulls me to sleep at night. One more night, and then no more night, but day—eternal day ! I believe I shall cross the stream to-morrow. You will be with me, will you not ?"

"Indeed we will, if our King should permit," said Mr. Goodheed and his friend, "and now for a few words of praise, and then for the present, farewell." So they knelt, and gave thanks to the King, who had given his aged one to triumph in the prospect of his departure.

The next day, about noon, they gathered at the stream.

The wintry wind blew keen, and the waters were somewhat troubled, but old Oliver looked not at the waters, but at Him who had promised to bear Him through. Then, as he entered the icy stream, he said:—"I feel the coldness now, but though there is ice without, there is fire within, and a fire that nothing can extinguish—the fire of Christ's love to me—many waters cannot quench *that*. I have loved Him a little here, I shall love Him much above. I have grieved Him often here, I shall grieve Him never there. I have praised Him feebly here, I shall praise Him warmly there—

‘There shall I sing, more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be my song.’

“Good bye—good bye—God be with you each and all—He is with you, and will be to the end. Only trust Him, and fear not.”

Then his feet yielded, as the waters pressed upon him, and he was borne to the other side beyond our sight.

Some of the voyagers never entered Advance Land, for they were not in a condition to dwell there. They entered the Haven of Rest at another point, by way of a small island called Nearing, and which was separated from the Celestial country by a shallow of the sea.

Many who went this way were indeed true voyagers, but they had not progressed as they might have done. They had life, but its manifestations in them were feeble. Compared to *trees*, they were not fruitless, but their fruit was scanty. Compared to *stars*, they shone, but with a very faint and twinkling light. In the battle of life,

they fought on the right side, but their resistance to the foe was feeble, and they were often wounded.

Some of these, when they passed through the stream, had a clouded sky over them, and were much harassed and distressed by the enemy. But others of them took a firmer hold of the King's love than they ever did before, and had a comfortable passage through the stream. They were deeply grieved at the thought of their past unfruitfulness, but they the more admired the exceeding riches of the King's grace, which had abounded towards them in all patience and longsuffering; and they thought they should be loudest in His praises in the bright land whither they were going.

Some persons, alas! who came by way of Nearing to the borders of the good land never reached it, for they were not voyagers at heart. Had the King admitted them within the precincts of the holy city, they would have wished themselves away again, for they could not breathe its holy atmosphere. They had no taste for the feast provided there; they had no ear for the harmony, nor any voice for the songs that were sung there.

Now, as I said, the water that divided the island of Nearing from the shore of the glorious land was in general quite shallow, but in one particular part there was an awful chasm: the true voyagers were guided through the waters, so as to avoid this chasm; but the unsound voyagers had no such guidance, and when they came to cross the waters they sank deep—deep, and deeper still, even to the pit that is bottomless, and to the “blackness of darkness for ever.” There Mr. Worldling sank, side by side with Mr. Miserly, and followed soon

after by Madame Outward-shew, and her servant Wanton. There, from time to time (all too often) sank many whose names I cannot mention, who had no title of admission to the heavenly city, and no meetness for the holy enjoyments of it. But not one fell into that chasm that had a spark of true life, or any earnest reliance on the King's Son.

Some narrowly escaped the chasm, snatched by the hand of mercy, at "the eleventh hour," from the darkness of delusion, or the terror of despair. They crossed the stream safely, it is true, but they were saved as by the skin of their teeth. They were almost lost, yet not too late did they cast themselves on the infinite merits of Immanuel, on His great atonement, on His perfect righteousness, and all-sufficient grace. And He received them according to His faithful word—"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CONCLUSION.

MONTHS, and years passed on : many came from Onway to Advance Land, and some to Nearing Isle : and many from one or other of those places had entered the Promised Land.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodheed had the joy of welcoming their children in Advance Land, they came out in company with Mr. and Mrs. Thoughtful. Some little time after this, Mrs. Wakeful was called to dwell in Seclusion, and thither her husband accompanied her ; after an abode there for a few short weeks, her turn came to cross the stream. Many attended her to the water's edge whose love she had won by her persevering efforts for their good.

Just before she stepped into the water she said :—" I have been weary long, I shall have perfect rest soon. I have been sick many days, now I am almost well." To her weeping children she said :—" My God will comfort you even as a mother comforteth—Jesus is near you, keep near to Him, tread in His steps below, and you will walk with Him in glory." To her husband she said :—" We are one in Him whom we love, and ever shall be. We have enjoyed communion with Him in some degree here,

we shall enjoy it perfectly above. Farewell—my love is with you all.” Then she stepped into the stream, and was rapidly borne away—and seen no more. Many tears were shed by those whom she had just left; but it was for themselves they wept, and not for her. On her account, as soon as their emotions permitted, they rejoiced and gave thanks.

Mr. Trustworthy, on the first day of the week, after her departure, addressed many who mourned her loss from the words—“For to me to live is Christ and to die is gain.” The following are a few sentences from his discourse.

“Our Sister has passed through the valley of the shadow of death: she has crossed the Jordan: she is absent from the body and present with the Lord; she has found that ‘*to die is gain.*’

“Death has commonly been called the ‘King of Terrors,’ and surely of all terrible things, death is the most terrible to the natural man—to any who have not been born again—to any who are out of Christ. Death ends all that a worldling esteems good—it takes him away from his home and his friends, it puts an end to all his plans and pursuits: it takes him from all his joys and pleasures, from all that his heart found delight in. The valley through which he passes is a dark one indeed, and it leads to the ‘blackness of darkness for ever.’ He passes over no Jordan to a Canaan beyond, but drops into the pit that is bottomless. Surely to the unbeliever death is rightly named the ‘King of Terrors.’

“But oh! how different is death to the Christian! *death* did I say? I recall the word, for Christ hath

abolished death—only the shadow of it is left. Still in the language of earth the term is employed to express the change that takes place when the spirit of the believer is liberated from its tenement of clay. Death to the Christian is not loss, it is gain.—‘TO DIE IS GAIN!’

“True the believer loses something at death—yea he loses much; he loses much sin, and much sorrow—yea he loses *all* his sin and *all* his sorrow. He loses all his bodily and mental ailments, he loses his pains and aches, and what commonly attend them—wearisome days and restless nights. He loses all spiritual evil—all pride, all unbelief, all unholy affections. He loses all temptations, all assaults of the evil one—all fear of him who goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour.

“To die then, to the believer is loss, happy loss! The loss of all sorrow and suffering, all temptation and sin!

“But to die is *gain*. At death, the believer not only loses all evil, but he enjoys a large increase of good—He gains immeasurably in light, in purity, in love, and bliss. This our sister has begun to prove.

“*Here* she was a member of the church militant—*there* she is a member of the church triumphant. *Here* she had fellowship with just men imperfect; *there* she has fellowship with just men made perfect. *Here* she had the dawn of spiritual life; *there* she has unclouded day. *Here* she had the germ of holiness; *there* she has its full developement. *Here* she had the buds of grace; *there* she has the full blown flower. *Here* she bore some resemblance to Christ; *there* she will be perfectly like Him. *Here* she enjoyed the sight of Christ through the veil of gospel ordinances; *there* she sees Jesus face to face. TO DIE IS GAIN.

Here she tasted the grapes of Eshcol: *there* she feasts on the vintage of Canaan. *Here* she had the first fruits; *there* she will have the abundant harvest. *Here* she had the title to the incorruptible inheritance; *there* she has full possession. *Here* she had some drops of good; *there* she has the boundless, bottomless ocean.

"She found it good to be *in* Christ, but she finds it far better to be *with* Him. If we could hear her speak, would she not say, 'Weep not for me; my weeping days are over—my spirit rejoices in God my Saviour—I wave the palm of victory—I have struck the first chords on my golden harp—I have sung my first notes of the new song. My fellow saints, press on; in due time you too shall be put in possession of the joys that I have begun to experience. Be faithful unto death, and you shall receive a crown of life—and prove that to die is unspeakable gain.'"

Some months went by, and good Mr. Wakeful passed over the stream. He had been wakeful indeed since he was aroused from his sleep in Veil-over, and he had been instrumental in keeping many of his fellow voyagers awake, but when he went, by the bidding of the King, to dwell in Seclusion, a bodily ailment assailed him, which induced a heaviness of spirit. His *heart* was wakeful still, but his *mind* slept, or rambled in uncertain dreams. When he came to cross the stream, a bright crown was awaiting him but he could not see it. A multitude of choristers were attuning their harps to welcome him, but he could not hear them. His natural powers failed him; he even forgot the name of his dearest earthly friend; one name only he did not forget, the name of *Jesus*! At

that name, even in his drowsiness he brightened. "Do I remember *Jesus*?" he said in answer to an inquiry, "Oh! yes, I remember Him, I have known and loved Him for many years." Then his drowsiness returned, and he said no more, till he awoke on the other side of the water with a freshness that would never pass away, and a brightness that would never be dimmed any more.

Mr. Goodheed, after no long interval, followed Mr. Wakeful. His going down was like that of the sun. His countenance shone with holy love, and all around him caught some rays of his brightness. His chamber looked like the ante-room of heaven. It was on a sabbath morning in spring time that he crossed the stream. The trees in their earliest verdure smiled in the sunshine; and the larks, rising and carolling joyously, seemed like out-riders announcing the entrance of a redeemed one. The children of the departing one were there, William in the vigour of early manhood, and his sister in the beauty of gentleness and grace. Mr. Trustworthy was there, now venerable with age; James Thoughtful also, and his wife. Other friends and companions in conflict and triumph were present, and not a few who felt that they were about to lose one who had been a channel of much help and blessing to them from the King.

"Love won my heart at first," said Mr. Goodheed, as he stood on the brink of the river, and Love has compassed me ever since. Love allured me into the wilderness of trial, sustained me in it, and brought me up out of it. Love mixed the bitter cup for my healing, and filled the cup of sweetness for my consolation. Love has fed me, clothed me, housed me. Love encircles me now—*now*

that I enter the stream" (and with that he stepped into it), and Love will bear me through. God is Love, and He is my God for ever and ever. I have received ten thousand gifts from His hands, but better than all other gifts he gives *Himself* to me. He is mine, and I am His. I wished with my last breath to speak well of His name, and lament that I cannot praise Him better; but soon, aye soon I shall be with Him, and then shall I praise Him as I would, and I shall praise Him for ever. Hallelujah, Amen!" With that he waved his hand, and was parted from us.

All who stood by, felt that glory was very near, and though the mist on the other side of the river was thick enough to prevent our seeing anything distinctly beyond, yet some bright beams from the glorious land shone through, and some of the perfume of its atmosphere regaled us; and in the spirit of love, of purity, and praise that possessed us, we felt that we had the earnest of the promised possession, and our hearts longed for the fruition that awaited us. We tasted the grapes of Eshcol, and we wanted to gather the fruit where it grew: Mr. Trustworthy exactly expressed the feelings of each of us, as he withdrew from the spot saying:—

"My soul has tasted of the grapes,
And now I long to go
Where my dear Lord His vineyard keeps,
And all the clusters grow."

What happened afterwards it is not for the narrator now to tell, but how would it rejoice his heart if every reader of his narrative of the voyage in the Ark-for-us

should meet him in that Haven of Rest where, through the infinite merits of the Lord Jesus, and His omnipotent grace, he desires and hopes for ever to dwell.

Candid Reader, have you entered the Ark of safety? Are you in Christ Jesus? He is the only way to Heaven—"Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." All who are in Him are born from above, they are regenerated by the power of the Holy Spirit—they are adopted into the family of God, and because they are sons God gives them the Spirit of His Son whereby they cry Abba, Father. Those who are in Christ shew their spiritual birth by the character of their desires, their tastes, and pursuits. They desire the sincere milk of the word; they hunger and thirst after righteousness; they love Christ and His people. Though they are *in* the world they are not *of* the world; they seek a better country, even a heavenly; and, through faith in the great atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, and His infinite merits, they look forward with joy to an entrance into that city which hath "no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

If, beloved Reader, you have not come to Christ for salvation, if you have not entered Him as the only Ark of safety, O come as a guilty, helpless sinner, to Him without delay—He will receive you graciously, for He

hath said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Come then to Him at once—

"If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all."

"Behold, now is the accepted time—Behold, now is the day of salvation."

From the great impending danger—
Christ is the Ark;
From Divine and righteous anger—
Christ is the Ark;
There is room for all who come,
Jesus says He'll cast out none,
But will save the vilest one—
Come to the Ark.

Thou art welcome, oh! believe it—
Come to the Ark;
Love's sweet message, do receive it—
Come to the Ark;
'Tis provided by free grace,
There God shews a smiling face;
'Tis, poor sinner, just thy place—
Come to the Ark.

Time is wearing fast away—
Come to the Ark;
Do not linger or delay—
Come to the Ark;
Think how great thy misery,
Should the door be shut to thee!
Haste then, sinner, and now flee—
Flee to the Ark.

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